

TOC H JOURNAL



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THE FINDING OF THE LOST

The following is a transcript of a recent talk given at a Mark IX, Bristol, Family Night, by one of the Padres, ERIC S. LOVEDAY, who is the new Rector of St. Peter's (City) Church.

YOU will all have heard the saying that Jesus had three favourite words—"Last", "Least", and "Lost". The whole "intention" underlying the Gospel which He preached to men—the discussion—the line it should take, might fairly be summed up in the words "Lifting" and "Finding". Man was to be lifted from the lower levels which by sin he had reached, or he was to be found and brought home. Those two main conceptions are evident in almost every page of the teaching of our Lord. It is a direct substitution of a doctrine of doing and receiving rewards.

Christianity is a way, and not only a way that man should take, but something that is concerned with the way that men do take. You will find very little in the Gospel story about the observance of rules—about prescribed and rigid duty—except in the general principle. It is a religion not of the authority of the Divine Power so much as a religion of the authority of the Divine Spirit. "He shall guide you into all truth": not "He shall so deal out punishment to falsehood that for the sake of your own skins you will seek the truth." God guiding man; man co-operating with God; a religion of free men whose service is perfect freedom, as the Collect says.

A Diagnosis of Loss

And tonight, I want to draw your attention to one aspect of that teaching—the aspect of the finding of the "lost"; and instead of accepting the usual emphasis for which people value the story of the Ministry of our Lord—that is, for the way in which men are found—I want, if I may, to think about the way in which men are

lost. And I do so quite deliberately because it is platitudinous to say that we cannot do anything about the diseases of men until we know their cause. So just as you cannot have a Gospel of a salvation without an understanding of sin, so you cannot have a doctrine which seeks to find men until you ascertain why they are lost and where they have gone. The phrase that we have in our language, "Flogging a dead horse", just sums up the attempt to cure a disease that either you have not diagnosed or that is not there at all.

A great deal of our well-intentioned presenting of salvation in any guise to men is guilty of that mistake. Such as, for instance, all our attempts to bring back men to Church—based on the assumption that the trouble with the world is that people do not go to Church, when that is only a symptom of a trouble which lies much deeper; a trouble you have to tackle first, long before you start asking for the bigger step of the co-operation of men in public worship of God. I think you see what I mean.

Three Ways of Loss

Now let me get back to the idea of the lost in the teaching of Jesus. Three words instantly suggest themselves under that heading, as we recall the Gospel story. *A coin: a sheep: a man.* As you realise, those are the subjects of three of our Lord's best-known parables. We have accepted them by the contrast of the first two with the last, and have said "If the housewife is so keen on the finding of the coin, and the shepherd on the finding of the sheep, surely God must be more concerned about the finding of a man", which is indeed

part of the intention of those stories.

I want to do something to-night, the thought of which has appealed to me very much, but which may, of course, completely miss the mark so far as your thoughts are concerned. I hope it won't. I want to ask a very simple question—why were each of those three subjects lost? I will give you the answers straight away, and develop them one by one. The coin was lost because it was dropped; and it can conceivably indicate carelessness on the part of the owner. The sheep was lost because, being an animal, it followed its instincts, or because, being a sheep, it followed a leader. The man was lost because he chose to go that way. Now let me take those heads one by one.

The Dropped Man

The coin was lost because somebody dropped it. I am not going to attempt to justify what may almost be called an imaginative elaboration of these headings, except in so far as they have helped my own thoughts (I cannot claim that they will help yours)—but I sum up in this heading what mainly underlies what we understand by our economic and industrial problems. The disease spreads from that realm into private life, but much of its beginning lies in the problems of work. Men are lost because they are "dropped". We use that word quite frequently. By its very abrupt sound it suggests a complete calamity. The breaking-up of a friendship, for instance, disturbs us tremendously, but when we hear that the breaking-up is due to the fact that one of the friends 'drops' the other, we are doubly sad: no attempt at explanation, no attempt at frankness, just a sudden change of mind without any thought of the consequent injury to anyone else. Nobody who has anything to do with individuals has failed to learn how many there are in this world, who, even from the point of friendship, are literally

made ill by the complete ruthlessness of some friend—it may be of long standing—who, so far as we understand, without any rhyme or reason has dropped them. Letters are no longer answered; explanations are no longer forthcoming. They eat their hearts out wondering "Why?". Introspection sets in: they become self-conscious and all sorts of havoc are on their way. While we know that to be true, our relationships between men and men (and really that might be the point to be stressed on an occasion like this) are magnified enormously by the familiar happenings by which a man in work one day may find himself out of it the next, and out of it for many days, even for many years afterwards.

The economic problem is the problem of the "Dropped" man. The man who, even in our admitted language, 'thrown' on to the Labour Exchange, burns out his resentment against Society till it cools into that more subtle and deadly attitude of mind which is convinced that he is not wanted by anybody.

Restoration of Value

Now so long as that problem presents itself in the world at all, it is a challenge to those who have accepted it for themselves, a way which is a way of finding the lost. And it is extraordinarily true, I think, to say that the first step that has to be taken by those who are not economic experts—for it lies within their province—is the restoration of that lost person, not to work, but to a sense of his own value. While it is true, of course, that the best step that we can take to assure this result is to find a place in the economic system for one who has at some time had a place in it, very much can and ought to be done by that personal contact and friendship incumbent upon all Christians.

Toc H was born in a condition of Society where fellowship and friendship

reached an unparalleled level. It now exists in a Society where those qualities are the minimum essential of a happy life for millions. One of your tenets is that you pronounce no official opinion on any of these problems except that you exist to love "*widely*". I may be allowed to remind you of this problem and to welcome all the efforts that you are already making to deal with it along the lines open to you, and to ask you to consider whether there may not be very much more which, corporately and individually, by the use of your fellowship, by the use of your homes, by the use of any material means with which God has provided you, you can do in this process of finding the lost man. Let me go on to say this. That when the coin was found it bore on one side of it—perhaps even on the side turned down—the image of the King. That, indeed, gave it its value. Without it, it would have no place as coin of the realm. We have to restore, so that men may know it, the image of the King in them, so that they may have a place and a usefulness in their realm. The image may be difficult to find. Lying so long forgotten it may have rusted; it may be covered with all kinds of things a man may have dug into himself. It may be difficult to get him to talk, or he may say what he doesn't believe. Rebellion and revolt, a desperation which is not really there—all these things have to be smoothed away. Patience and tact, expressing an enormous love, are needed until little by little the original image of the King comes to light.

Loss by Instinct

The sheep was lost because, being an animal, it followed its instincts, or being a sheep, it followed a leader.

Really the implications of that statement as a comment on the parable are so obvious that they need no expansion. The more we seek into the causes of spiritual depres-

sion in the world to-day, the more surely we find the loss which comes about by reason of the new movement of thought toward a policy of *laissez-faire*, especially perhaps, in the matter of the changing standard of morals, public and private. Man, being an animal, follows his instincts, and, being not wholly animal, fails to find something, beyond instinct, which the other part of him seeks at the end of his journey. Or again, the sheep was lost because, being a sheep, it followed a leader. What does that indicate to us but the common phenomenon of an amazing desire, not only for leadership (which is humanly and historically natural and wise) but for that kind of leadership which we find evidenced in at least three of the greatest Western European countries at this time, a leadership which demands complete and implicit obedience, and is ruthless in its treatment of the opposite? And it is not strange that a man should desire to attain such a position for himself, even if he blinds himself to the fact of whatever selfishness there is in his attitude by remembering what is equally true—his real desire for the good of his country. But what are we to say to the willingness of a whole people to submit to the yoke of a Dictator? It is early yet to foresee whether or not this growing 'totalitarian' system will invade the minds of those who do not live under it and who share the—to us—more acceptable forms of Government. And it is difficult to know whether or not this way will not result in man's loss of himself. If history counts for anything the way does not lie along that road. If I may enlarge upon the theme of the sheep, for a moment—according to the story, the story of the sacrifice of Isaac, the sheep was found caught in a thicket by its own skin. I wonder if I can dare to suggest that the end of this blind obedience is the discovery that we have in our very being those qualities which, sooner or later,

fasten us so that we cannot go further. For the truth about men (that is, the only truth that is worth stating about them) is not the practical truth that they are animals and have animal instincts, but the truth of them in ideal that they are sons and daughters of God. Only that outlook could bring our Lord to look at very ordinary people and say "Ye are the light of the world" not "Ye *shall be*": not, indeed, "Ye shall be the light of *another world*", but "Ye are the light of *this world*". God has given to men qualities which are greater than those of passion and desire, hunger and thirst—what the psychologists call the "acquisitive"—and something greater, too, than the instinct for safety which shelters itself by shelving its responsibilities and handing them over to anyone who considers it his privilege or his destiny to shoulder them. Man is made for something creative of his own, and lives in a society, in the simplicity of the laws of heredity, which serves to remind him that, as in matters of physical and mental tradition, so in things of the spirit, he cannot help, by his very nature, ending on what he has made or marred. And I want to plead, under this head, for something that seems to be a lamentable loss in the average civilisation—for a more varied and universal contribution to the common life of truth and beauty and goodness, varied by the realisation that every member of a community has, after sincerity of thought, with freedom of purpose, something to give. Leaders we shall always have: men who are born so, with recognisable gifts of knowledge or that indefinable something which we call "personality," who stand out above their fellows. But no society of men can feed itself on the inspiration of the few for ever.

Lost in Thought and Deed

Having accepted our thesis under the first head, our sense—not of our impor-

tance, as we use that word in common speech, but of our value as we speak spiritually—ought to result both in an overcoming of that retiring disposition—whatever its cause—and in a life of creative contacts. In your language it means "*building bravely*" when you have thought fairly. And, however fairly you have thought, the natural reaction to new building will demand of us all the bravery that we can summon, when we attempt the task as it must be attempted in the world. The man who does anything new must be brave.

And last: in the immortal story of the two brothers who—so far as this particular commentary of mine is concerned—were both lost for a time, the reason is that they chose to go that way. *Kingdom of God*—the Fourth Point of the Compass—is a Kingdom, that is, it has a King, a Divine King, who more truly rules *in* the hearts and minds of men and women than He rules the hearts and minds of men and women. He is a King, not a Dictator, and men live in His realm, not in submission so much as in commission, not in servitude but in service. He does not point the road that a man should take with unbending arm. He beckons him, and the man sees Him walking it.

We can be lost if we choose to be lost; and at the moment that we see that we are lost we see too that He knows that we are, and He is half-way to finding us.

The kingdom in which a man may thus lose himself may be the kingdom of defined conduct or mistaken conduct. Mistaken, I think, and not defined in the case of the son who had ambitions about the far country. Or it may be a kingdom where nothing is done and much is thought. For though the other brother stayed at home, his outcry reveals how lost he was in his mind. For these things and their cure we can only look, as they did

in the story, to Him Who knows them best. They had to come to realise that they were intended to be happy in their home and that they could be really happy nowhere else. And we stand to proclaim that only in a world made a home, only under the conditions of the Kingdom of God, can

men come to the true realisation of the right road and the wrong road; and have the encouragement to return whence they have set out.

Now in the building of that home, you have been chosen to take your share.

JUVENILE TRANSFERENCE

A FEW WEEKS ago the present writer attended a Social party in North London at which a number of boys from a well-established boys' club helped to entertain lads transferred from the distressed Areas. A remark from one of the entertainers might well preface the need for any article on the Transference of Youth. "Why are these fellows here?", he asked. The question to anyone who knows, may seem incredible. It is somewhat startling. The questioner was a young fellow of eighteen who has been settled in a Clerk's job in the City almost since he left his secondary school. Was he really unconscious of the existence of distressed areas and the grimness which lies behind the word unemployment? No; he had heard of these, like the rest of us, but they were forgotten. One supposes the world is so full of things fleeting and seemingly important and immediate that modern existence, with its panorama of problems, is kaleidoscopic: the mind perceives but passes on with the show. It perceives, again, features which constantly recur—labour statistics perhaps equally with the weather chart: men tend to accept both. But some, however, are always anxious for what the day may bring forth.

Facts of the Case

"Why are these fellows here?" An answer could be simple. "They have been transferred from the black spots of our industrial counties, where boys do not automatically file into jobs when they leave

school; nor even do their fathers command the jobs they once had." A simple reply, but inadequate. We have to probe further down and use deeper thinking in order to understand that some of those dark areas, mainly in the North and Wales, are black frosted and may never again bear the fruit of permanent and continual work. Youth is growing up there, whose rightful heritage, in a healthy state, is work, the power to be useful and free and self-sufficient. And if these rights are denied, what then? To provide them with occupational centres and continuation schools is good (many people everywhere could no doubt spend longer in the pursuit of knowledge and of craft than they do) but these things are only a training for a standard of good citizenship, an end, however, which is useless without the security of a livelihood.

That, briefly, is the human situation of the distressed areas. The Ministry of Labour, therefore, is both concerned and active to find openings into which youth of both sexes can be transferred. Such openings are now being found, notably in the Midlands, London and the South East. The work is not just palliative social service, but a step towards the way of social reconstruction. Derelict humanity cannot be blown up like a ruin, it must be removed by painstaking effort and careful tactic. For not only, under the Ministry's scheme, is youth affected; adults, both singly and in families, are also to be migrated. An article in *The Times* of October 10, 1935, gave the figures of

migration for the first six months of last year: 12,457 persons; of these 1,785 were boys and 2,094 girls. The figures for the whole year were 29,228 persons; of these, 4,865 were boys and 4,633 were girls.

But so much for figures. There is something equally as important about this scheme. *The Times*, with Olympian unbending, smiles upon it as the product of a "Paternal Ministry." It is a correct phrase. The Ministry is not merely content to place boys and girls into jobs in the more prosperous areas, but it is ready to ensure that the human side of the scheme is not swallowed up or even hidden by economics. There are homes in the blackest towns. Youth is being taken from them. Even the security and regeneration which comes from the possession of work cannot overcome the stretching of family ties. Can we imagine the feelings of a youngster locked from work in a blind alley, holding in his hands an attractive, almost gay, brochure, received from the Juvenile Employment Office, which suggests to him prospects of employment and freedom;—but, so far from home? Nor have we only to picture him; there are the parents whose consent is necessary before he can go. They naturally want to know the place and nature of the job their child seeks.

Details of Transference

On this matter there is abundant information. The Memorandum on the subject issued by the Ministry of Labour is explicit. The Ministry arranges to place the boys and girls into industrial and commercial undertakings, and "every effort is made to ensure that in all cases the situations offer favourable conditions and prospects of permanent and progressive employment. . . . In no cases must the wages offered be less than the rate normally paid to local juveniles of the corresponding age engaged in the same type of

work. . . . Travelling expenses are paid and in necessary cases weekly grants are made to the juvenile to pay all expenses and leave a small amount in hand as pocket money. . . . Once a boy or girl has agreed to be transferred from the distressed Area, every effort is made to encourage the young worker to settle down happily in the new district." Then lastly: "The Ministry of Labour, having ensured the adequacy of the active machinery of transfer, relies largely upon outside voluntary help, under arrangements made by the local Juvenile Advisory Committee, to ensure the successful settlement of the juveniles in the New Area." It can be seen that here the real difficulties of the scheme begin: after transference it is upon the nature and value of the voluntary work, practically and conscientiously given by others, that the success of the experiment depends.

After Care Work

The technical term for such help is "After Care." It is the practice at the moment for a sub-committee of the Juvenile Advisory Committee to deal with this side of 'transference.' They put the youngsters into touch with good conditioned lodgings, juvenile clubs, evening classes, sport, and see that they are mixed in with the local youth around them. They also see to it that the parents are informed of the welfare and progress of their children. This is, of course, no mere organising work; it is definitely human. *The Times* article rightly said that "Poverty has done more harm to some of these children than a mere change of environment will cure. They require guidance as well as employment and an increase of self-respect." But we should, nevertheless, be wrong to regard transferred youth as "cases" of society, creatures from a preserve particularly marked by poverty of environment with an outlook and charac-

ter fundamentally different from others. Indeed, according to some who know him, the migrated boy often shows a greater sense of responsibility and 'grownupness' than his London brother of the same age. What the stranger lad needs is the want of all travellers abroad, the welcome and personal hand. It is not degrees of 'savagery' which need understanding, but those differences of temperament and custom which separate one locality from another.

A Delicate Job

This personal touch is *the* problem of After-Care. How is one to get alongside the boy? How best can one help him to work into the new environment and make friends with his neighbour? How make his neighbour welcome him? Apart from introductions to local Clubs, After-Care Committees have tried to develop two ideas. The first is that of the 'Big Brother,' a voluntary worker approved by the Committee, who becomes the 'friend' of the transferred boy. Toc H has supplied some of these friends. The task is no light one. The first thing to be won is mutual confidence; nor, may we add, must the friendship be at all obtrusive, conscious, or appear forced as the ex-

pression of a good deed. In effect, this means that the voluntary friend must be carefully chosen for his conscientiousness and his touch. He is not every man. The job is a thief of spare time. And it is an 'all-in' affair.

Ideas Wanted

The Ministry of Labour's second idea is Hostels. Although premises are not easily found, the Ministry has already opened five in London and hopes to have five more in the Metropolitan Area by the end of this year. Both methods, no doubt, have their weak points. These we cannot debate now. But has Toc H anything to contribute beyond sympathetic attention and the undertaking of specific jobs? This we hope will be answered in a later article: the present pages are written only to prepare the way for further discussion. At the moment some of us are busy with suggestions for the most efficient and humanly beneficent way in which Toc H can develop the work of After-Care with the friendly and helpful ægis of the Ministry of Labour over us. What can we do? We should be glad to have the opinions and experiences of those who have had contact with this work.

BIRTHDAY CHILDREN

The Birthday Festival of 1936 is not all holiday: Coming-of-age is a serious business. But like golf (a serious business) it will have its "time off"—as the following suggests.

"**T**HAT your eyes may be shining for them one day, when they come (and it was a memorable day, for I was paddling with the Mayor of Barnstaple)." This sentence was written on Saturday evening in a fire-warmed room in February. Next day we listened to the East wind and a sermon which told us to put others first and ourselves last. Therefore on Monday morning the order was changed, and the story now runs:—"On a certain warm day in August the Mayor

of Barnstaple was paddling with a friend." (If the Mayor has forgotten, the friend has not).

You will know of course that when a Mayor finds he has time for holidays he asks his Deputy to lunch. The two great ones confer. Knotty points are given their due measure of consideration—and so is the steak and kidney pie: when coffee arrives the business of the Borough has been handed over. There follow good-byes to clerks and councillors. The

mayoral robes and chain of office are put away somewhere safe; a respectful station-master bows our hero into a train and the next business is Shrewsbury, the gateway of North Wales.

Some railway journeys can be dull but many hard-worked men cheer themselves through the toilsome hours by seeing in front of them the line from Shrewsbury past Breiddeu to Montgomery and eventually the wonderful descent to Aberdovey. You should read of it in the works of Mr. Darwin. There is a point somewhere west of Machynlleth where Paradise begins. If you will come with me I will show you.

But the story waits. We are in the sandhills and the wind is blowing gently from the west. We are on the golf links, and the Mayor will ask you to call him Tom. He finds an old friend and the two play 18 holes before lunch. A sudden thunderstorm wets a colonel or two.

An easy after lunch. In an hour the thunder water has disappeared except in one place. On the fairway of the eleventh hole casual water lies a foot or more deep and the dykes are up to your middle. Not deliberately but almost inevitably Tom and friend both drove their balls into this casual water. Off come shoes and socks: the paddling began. The water was warm and peaty. The two men were no longer serious golfers, bent on lowering their handicaps, but children.

They laid aside their clubs and waited to watch how other people were managing. There was sure to be fun and maybe a chance of being useful. A ball landing in the Dyke would take some finding. (You don't like the expression "dirty little gutter boys" or "gutter snipes" but you may possibly have heard it.)

The minutes passed pleasantly while Tom looked over the expanse of marsh rushes and sandhills and across the Bay to the peaks of Carnarvon and the Island of

Bardsey, a faint lump in the extreme west.

Plop! Plip! The paddlers got to work at once. Two long drives had found the water. They waded in almost up to their waists, retrieved the sunken balls and threw them deftly to where their owners were waiting on the green dry turf. What did the players then do? They shaded their eyes to get a good view of the flag, played their second shots and strode on. That was all there was to it—a wetting for us; no recognition from them. For a black moment the 'friend' tumbled out of society. He saw in a flash all the vigour of revenge. He would seize a club and drive into them—"Let's call 'Shoosh!' just before they swing; let's stamp on the greens," he muttered, "and prattle as they putt." Thus the friend, unfriendly.

But the Mayor who is Tom and Tom who is a water baby—what of him? He seemed to be unaware of evil. He was absorbed in this new and delightful game. More balls were plopping in: the fishing was good. My masters, the scene is before you. The man and the child; and the child is father of the man. The 'friend' looked at Tom, unruffled, undisturbed. You cannot plot revenge when a child is busy with a game. So the black period passed. Later Tom and the man he had soothed wandered into the sandhills and found drift-wood and tea-things left ready for a family party. Clearly Aunt Judy and the rest were somewhere in the offing. The men built up a fire, put the kettle on, and at 4.30 nephews, nieces, cousins and the Aunt came hallooing from the beach; they were clothed in towels, dressing-gowns and bathing caps and their hair was anyhow. Oh August days! What din, what tea!

This then, is written of a time now gone. What of the time to come? What

of our Coming-of-Age Family Party?

June, 1936: London. I shall see my Mayor again and many more besides. Townsman, gownsman, porter, priest, ('porter' a misprint for 'pastor'; one who carries his people) from Barnstaple and Birmingham, from cities north of Tweed, from Adelaide and Sydney, from Durban and the Cape, from Rio, Alexandria; from everywhere they will come.

And what to do? To pledge themselves

to sacrifice and service as the Elder Brethren did. This is a task for men.

And we shall find new friends. East will meet West and North, South. We can be boys again and nothing lose. Will they let us paddle with the children by the Tower while Rex and Hubert mix the tea? The elders must find the children if they are going "to conquer hate." There is a child in a Mayor (I know): there is a child in Everyman. As children we are bold to say 'Our Father.' A. A. P. W.

THE COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVAL

THE Central Executive at its meeting on February 5, received official intimation that it is The King's wish that arrangements for this year's Festival should stand unaltered. His Majesty's wishes in regard to the actual lighting of the Lamps cannot be known until a later date.

The first thought that will strike members on reading the above will be a deep appreciation of His Majesty's consideration for others in giving time and thought to the affairs of Toc H when he must have been heavily burdened with cares both personal and public.

The second thought that will occur to many is this. To us, as members of the widespread family of Toc H, it must seem singularly appropriate that our 21st Birthday should fall in the same year in which one who has known Toc H from its infancy, and, as its Patron, has watched and encouraged its growth, enters upon the new and tremendous responsibilities of his Kingly and Imperial office. He, as we know well, has trained himself for the work he has now to do, and ascends the throne with an unrivalled equipment of knowledge and experience alike of the most distant parts of the Empire, and of

the lives of every class of his subjects in the Homeland.

The world is passing into a new phase. As The King himself said in his message to the Festival at Leicester—"the long trench warfare against immediate difficulties will draw to an end. A time is coming for brave building of all that is best in the life of our people into a commonwealth." He spoke of the advance that was coming and his peoples everywhere recognise with thankfulness that there is given them as leader in that advance one who is well prepared. But we shall do well to remember his charge to Toc H. "For the advance when it comes Toc H must be ready."

Surely here we have the keynote of our Coming-of-Age Festival. We shall come together in June to celebrate indeed with thankfulness, with joy and with laughter, all the good that God has given to Toc H in the years of its growth. But in the year of all years, when we, as a Movement, reach the age of responsibility, when we see the man who has been our Patron standing to face his, we shall surely feel that there is laid upon us a special and, if we may say so with respect, an almost directly personal obligation to prepare

ourselves to play our part in the tasks of the new reign. The King is, under God, the head of the family of his peoples, but he has also proved himself the working head of our own smaller family of Toc H. Service for any member of the family is a cardinal point of our compass. Service such as he will need, in facing, to use

once more his own words to Toc H "the constructive tasks that lie before us," is precisely that to which Toc H must direct its mind and its heart at the coming Festival. It should give a reality and a momentum to our entry upon the responsibilities of the future.

H. A. S.

The Festival Arrangements

APPLICATIONS FOR PILGRIMAGES, MOTOR COACH TOURS, IRISH AND WELSH VISITS: Whilst members are reminded that the closing date for applications for *all* events is Tuesday, May 12, it will help the Festival Secretary if those who propose to apply for a ticket for any of these events, as notified below and in the January JOURNAL, will notify him at 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1, as soon as possible. The accommodation on all these events is strictly limited, and they can only be arranged provided that the necessary minimum number for a party is secured. Early intimation will help all concerned to make the necessary arrangements and will ensure that as few members as possible will be disappointed after "allotment day."

MOTOR COACH TOURS: These tours, announced in the January JOURNAL, are intended primarily to enable Toc H members from overseas to have opportunities of seeing parts of Great Britain and of visiting members in their homes. Hospitality and meals en route are being provided by the Branches in the places visited. This will not only give both home and overseas members wider opportunities of meeting than would otherwise occur, but will also considerably reduce the cost of such a tour.

It is not proposed to run more than one coach on any tour, since the accommodation available in some places is limited. Whilst the Festival Secretary will be glad to receive and record at once the names and addresses of all who wish to go on a tour, it will not be possible definitely to allot places until May 12.

Another Motor Coach Tour has been arranged: *Monday morning, June 29 to Sunday evening, July 5:* Tour No. 7 from London, visiting Windsor, Reading, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Birmingham (Monday night), Chester, Liverpool, Lancaster (Tuesday night), The Lake District, Brampton, Glasgow (Wednesday night), The Trossachs, Stirling, Edinburgh (Thursday night), Melrose, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Richmond, Harrogate (Friday night), York, Doncaster, Lincoln, Peterborough (Saturday night), Cambridge, Rally at Rothamsted (Harpenden), to London. The price of this tour is £3 6s. od.

PILGRIMAGES: The following information about two of the Pilgrimages is re-issued, in view of the decrease in cost of each. The original announcements appeared on pages 24 and 29 of the JOURNAL for January last.

Pilgrimage (d): Sunday evening, June 28 to Saturday morning, July 4: To Bruges, Brussels, Poperinghe, Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Albert, Amiens and Paris; For Toc H and L.W.H., inclusive price £7 2s. 6d.

Pilgrimage (e): Sunday evening, June 28 to Saturday morning, July 4: To Paris, Amiens, Albert, Vimy Ridge, Ypres, Poperinghe, Brussels and Bruges; For Toc H, inclusive price £7 2s. 6d.

THE FESTIVAL ART EXHIBITION: Entries are requested by March 31, and the actual exhibits by June 1.

FESTIVAL BADGES can be obtained from the Registrar at Toc H Headquarters. Price 6d. each, post free. (Attention is also drawn to the notice regarding Membership Cards in *Multum in Parvo*).

After-Festival Tours

IRELAND: Toc H in Ireland extends a warm welcome to any overseas visitors (see page 25, January JOURNAL), and the following arrangements have been made. Leave England on *Monday, July 6*, arriving in Dublin on Tuesday, when visits to places of interest in and around the city will be arranged, with a Guest-night in the evening. A motor tour in Co. Wicklow will take place on Wednesday, visiting Glendalough. Departing on Thursday for Belfast, visitors will spend the rest of that day with their hosts. Visits on Friday to the Northern Ireland Parliament House, a Shipbuilding Yard, a Tobacco Factory and a Distillery have been arranged for the morning, with a motor tour in Co. Down in the afternoon, and a Guest-night in the evening. Another motor tour, visiting Portrush, The Giant's Causeway and the Glens of Antrim will occupy the Saturday. Visitors will depart from Ireland on *Saturday night, July 11*, leaving Belfast at about 10 p.m. The cost of this tour for visiting members, apart from the ticket from England to Dublin and back from Belfast, thanks to the hospitality of Irish members, will be about 15s. per head.

WALES: Tours in North and South Wales, which can be taken together or separately, have been arranged after the three weeks of Festival; in South Wales from *Monday, July 6 to Wednesday morning, July 8*, and in North Wales from *Wednesday afternoon, July 8 to Friday afternoon, July 10*.

Visitors will be welcomed in Cardiff at lunch on Monday, July 6, and have an opportunity of seeing the places of interest in that fine city during the afternoon, with an evening Guest-night. On Tuesday, there will be a one-day motor coach tour, visiting the

industrial Taff Valley, Pontypridd, Merthyr, Brynmawr, the Brecon Beacons, Talgarth (lunch), Brecon, Glynneath, Neath and Port Talbot (tea), returning to Cardiff via Bridgend and Cowbridge. The charge for this tour will be 7s. 6d. per head, apart from the cost of the journey to and from Cardiff. Hospitality will be given on Monday and Tuesday nights.

Visitors to North Wales will be welcomed at Shrewsbury at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, July 8, whether they come direct or from the South Wales Tour. The programme includes visits to Llangollen, Dolgelly, Portmadoc, Caernarvon, Bangor, Llanberis (for Snowdon), Beddgelert, Bettws-y-Coed, Conway, Llandudno, Colwyn Bay, Rhyl and a District Rally, returning to Shrewsbury on Friday afternoon, July 10. The cost of this tour, from Shrewsbury and back to that point, will be £1 5s. od., inclusive, hospitality being provided by the members en route.

VIMY RIDGE: It is proposed to organise a small party to attend the ceremony of the official unveiling of the Canadian National War Memorial on Vimy Ridge on Sunday, July 26. The party will leave London (Victoria Station) at 11 p.m. on *Saturday, July 25*, and arrive back in London at 7.40 a.m. on *Monday, July 27*, travelling via Dunkirk-Folkestone. From Dunkirk the party will motor direct to Vimy on July 26, returning in the afternoon via Poperinghe: this will allow them to spend a few hours in the Old House. The approximate cost, for a party of not less than ten persons, inclusive of rail and steamer fares, berths, three meals, and bus or car, will be £2 12s. 6d. Passports are not essential. Names of those wishing to take part must be sent to the Pilgrimage Secretary, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1, and should reach him not later than June 1.

FOOTBALL IN FLANDERS

DURING the Easter Week-end matches have been arranged between the Toc H Soccer team and the Ypres and Poperinghe Football Clubs.

The Toc H team will make their Pilgrimage to the Old House and the Ypres Salient and incidentally try their luck in the football field against our Belgian friends. We wish them good fortune both in their Pilgrimage and in their games.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

A group of people connected with the Student Christian Movement and its Auxiliary Movement are proposing to call together at Swanwick, Derbyshire, a Conference from April 14-18 on "The Church of the Future." It will be a meeting of men and women aged 25 to 35, from inside and outside the Churches who have a true interest in the questions to be raised. They are, as will be seen, questions which ought to, and do, concern us directly in T.O.C.H. and L.W.H., and any of our members (within the age limits given) are eligible to be there. It is hoped to accept all who apply, but it is important to keep the Conference as representative as possible. The cost of the Conference will be £2 2s. od., including a registration fee of 5s. Further particulars and leaflets can be obtained from the General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement, or of the Auxiliary Movement at Annandale, North End Road, London, N.W.11.

A 'Concern'

THE promoters of the Conference write that "we are doing this because 'we have got a concern about the Church.' We feel in theory that the whole of our Christian faith leads up to the Church as a living reality, the Body of Christ, the Fellowship of the Spirit, proving the truth of the Gospel by the quality of its life. Actually the Church as we meet it in our own neighbourhoods is nothing like this, and we wonder why. We recognise that many other people share our concern, and that groups in many different denominations are asking the same questions that we are asking, but we believe that our group, because it includes members of many different denominations, will not exactly duplicate any other efforts, and may provide a useful meeting ground.

"We believe that the Church exists by the Will of God as the instrument through which He wills to redeem the world, and also because men on their side desire corporately to praise Him for His goodness, thank Him for His loving kindness, seek His guidance and ask His forgiveness for their failures. Part of its function is to hold services, and that it does. Obviously the whole duty of a Christian is not contained in 'going to Church.' None of us think it is, but the fact remains that the Church as such often functions in no other

way. There is little else we do all together as Christians, whatever we may do separately. But the Church exists also to proclaim God to the world and to bring the world to God. Is it doing this? Does it even recognise that it ought to be doing this? For one thing it is all split up, and the first concern of its keenest members is to keep their own show going. The young person who asks for 'something to do' will be expected to throw his weight into activities of a purely parochial or congregational significance. Meanwhile all sorts of people are feeling towards a better world and are working passionately for its realisation. Are we concerned with them or they with us? We do not expect to take our seat on the crest of every wave, but if there is anything in the Gospel it is the truth of all human welfare. Some of the movements which claim men's allegiance are plainly pagan and reactionary, others are seeking the Kingdom but think it can come without God. We must believe and show that if God is put first 'all these things shall be added.'

"Because we have no conscious objective big enough, we go on tinkering with the machinery or seeking panaceas in a single line of advance. Some want 'more definite Church teaching,' clearer statements of the duty of Church membership, regular attendance at the Holy Communion, and so on. Others confine the

Church's function to personal evangelisation—'changing lives.' A third group looks for leadership in politics, economics, and the duty of the citizen. Are not all three parts of one whole? And is not the whole objective which we seek a Church in which worship, work and witness are one?

"A Church in which worship, work and witness are one. Is this an impossible ideal? It is so obviously right that it cannot be impossible. As lovers of the Church we ask: What is wrong? And beginning with ourselves we ask: What is wrong with us? Are we right to stick in our denominational camps? Are we right to be so conservative in our worship? Are we right to be so conventional in our behaviour? Are we right to be so vague about what Church membership involves? Are we right to be so unenterprising in our witness? Are we right to be so careful of our property and of our future? Are we right to go muddling along, repenting and praying for 'newness of life' every Sunday and going on in the same old way? Do we really want or expect anything to change? Are we prepared to try experiments, to make fools of ourselves, perhaps, to begin with action and to begin at home? . . . The responsibility for the future must fall on the shoulders of the younger men and women of to-day. Let us examine ourselves, rather than others."

Some Questions

The following questions have been drawn up by the preliminary group which has been meeting regularly in the last few months. Members and units of Toc H, even if they cannot be represented at the Conference, would do well to consider them—adding the words "including Toc H" every time "the Church" is mentioned. Such consideration will help the cause the Conference is trying to serve.

1. What is the organised Church really like if we look at it as objectively as

we can? Does its record in the world really bear out the great claims we make for it? Is there more than we like to admit in the contention that it was *once* a revolutionary Movement?

2. How far does the present social order contradict the professed convictions and ideals of the Church? Has the Church become so involved in this order that it cannot function except by compromising with it?
3. Are we right in putting so much emphasis on the organised Church as the instrument of God's purpose? Would the visible organised unity of the Church bring the Kingdom of God nearer in any practical way? Is the Church essential to Christianity, and, if so, what are the essentials of the Church?
4. How can we make the great truths of theology comprehensible to the intelligent lay mind?
5. What is worship? If the Church exists to worship God, why is it that so few people feel the need of corporate worship? How can corporate worship be made more real for the layman?
6. Ought the Church to form, or find, a moral judgment in the present-day world? What has happened to Christian moral judgment? Ought the Church *as such* to have a social programme?
7. Some of us think first of evangelism as the task of the Church—the need to win more individual men and women for Christ; others think of the Church as a community which evangelises by its life. What is the relation between these two points of view?
8. Can a congregation be effective without being definite, and definite without being narrow? Does our desire for unity really face this question? Is there enough common thought and desire in the churches to make the Christians in any one neighbourhood a really united and effective body?
9. What is the relation of the local church to the local community? Is it possible for the majority of parishes or con-

gregations to break down barriers of class and education? Are we over-emphasising the idea of neighbourhood? What practical suggestions can we offer

for making "church life" co-extensive with "real life"?
10. How can the widening gulf between the clerical and the lay mind be bridged?

Some Books to Read

The promoters of the Conference recommend some recent books, some of them inexpensive, which bear on the subject:—

- The Relevance of the Church.* By F. R. Barry. Nesbitt. 7s. 6d.
Christian Community in the Modern World. S.C.M. 2s.
Church, Community and State. By J. H. Oldham. S.C.M. 1s.
The Church Catholic. By N. Micklem. S.C.M. 1s. 6d.
Creative Society. By John Macmurray. S.C.M. 5s.
Christianity and the Social Revolution. Edited by John Lewis. Gollancz. 6s.

WITH TUBBY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

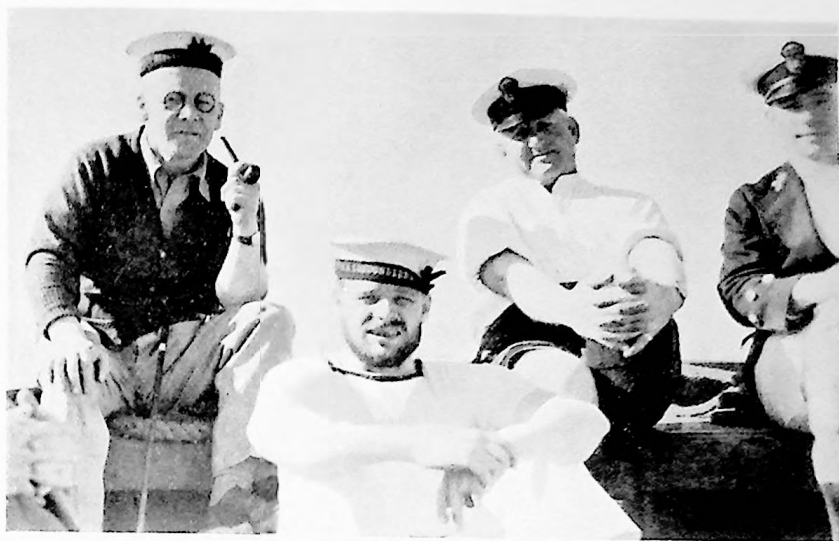
It has not been possible to give any connected report, month by month, of TUBBY's doings since he has been with the Mediterranean Fleet. For H.M.S. Beagle has been constantly moving on her "lawful occasions" and Tubby, afloat or ashore, has been now at Alexandria, now at Suez, Haifa, Jerusalem or Famagusta, all the while too busy to write much. The following letter from HARRY MOSS (Toc H Padre, with the Iraq Petroleum Company) is therefore specially welcome.

AS you know, "T." has been with the Royal Navy in the Middle East since last September. He came out as the guest of the C-in-C., by an arrangement made before these troubles. When they began, and grew extremely serious, the Fleet moved from Malta to Alexandria and Haifa; the Army and Air Force were also supplemented. The opening and running of "Claridges' Fleet Club" at Alexandria, is in itself an extraordinary feat, and with Padre Charles Paton assisted by Fred Welbourn, the Club has provided for the needs of sailors.

I had not seen T. since my stay with him in England last June, when he was by far from well, but slowly recovering from the effects of a serious breakdown after his trip to West and South Africa. The first news of him came by telegram from the Toc H Group of R.A.F. at Amman in Transjordan, saying "T. expected here—two days, can you come?" At Haifa, I next received from T. himself a note adding that he was flying up from Egypt to visit Ramleh, Jerusalem and Amman, but not Haifa. This was on December 9, and on the 11th I was able to motor to Jerusalem to meet him.

Being aware of the vagaries of the "little man," I considered it best to enquire of his exact whereabouts. This was wise, for on enquiries in Jerusalem, I learned that he had flown to Maan and Petra in Southern Arabia, and would be back in Jerusalem the next day at 10 a.m. Arriving on the Aerodrome outside the city, I continued to scan the sky for a plane until 11.15 a.m., when at last it arrived. A rotund passenger clambered out of the plane and after divesting himself of numerous coats and scarves, it turned out to be the real T. He welcomed me gladly, saying "How grand of you to meet me on my fiftieth birthday!" He took fond farewells of the pilot, and made copious notes in a diary about a gift to the pilot as "a souvenir of a splendid flight which I understood was to take the form of a 'Bible with wooden lids.'"

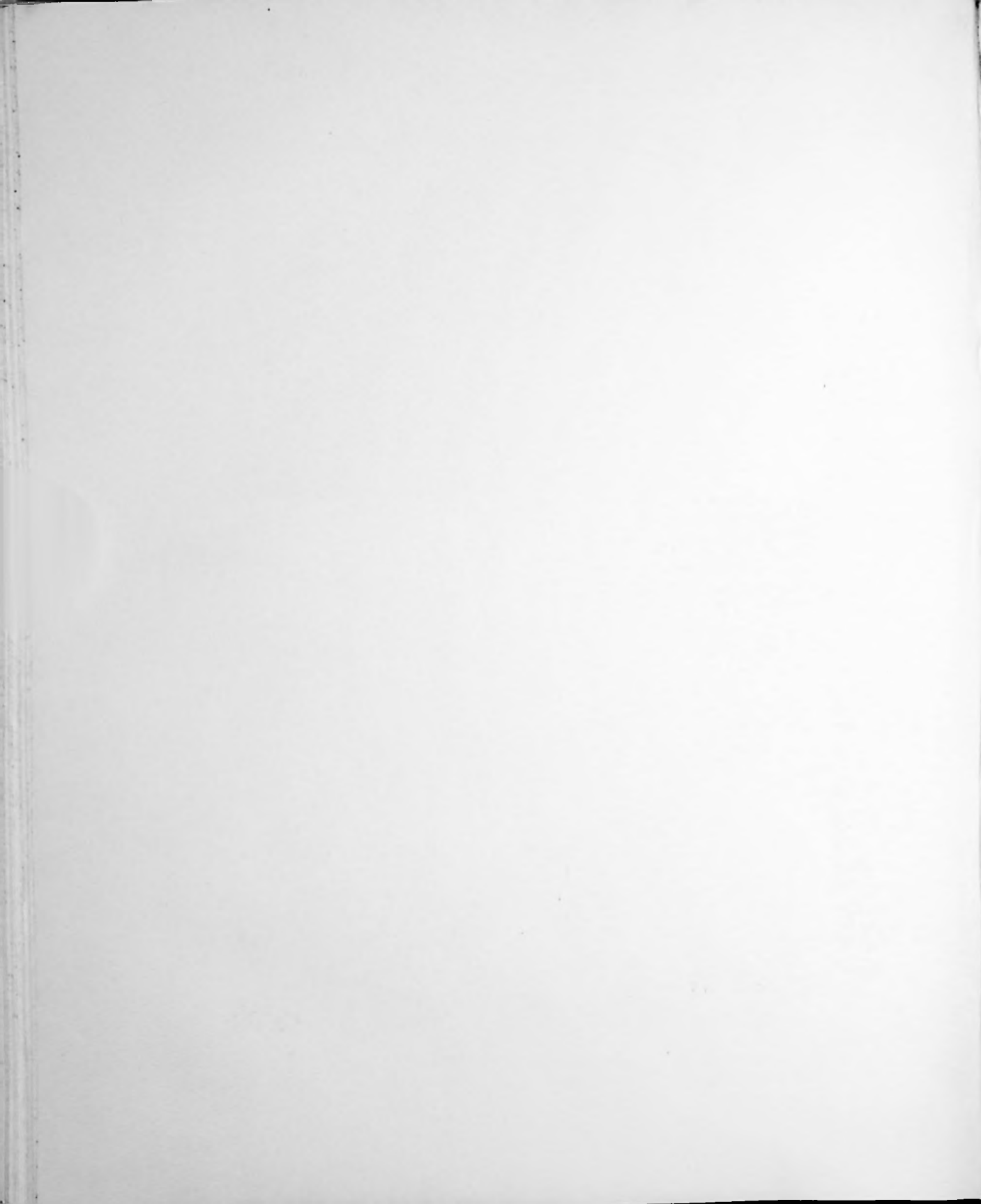
With three attaché cases bursting with literature and personal letters, we climbed into a car and made for R.A.F. H.Q. Jerusalem. Upon arrival, T. with due ceremony, handed out his luggage to waiting orderlies, including three pairs of really good Army socks—part of the divested clothing left over



TUBBY (left) WITH HIS MATES ON A RED SEA TUG.



A SING-SONG ON THE TUG.



from his flight. A very patient staff officer endeavoured to pin T. down to a day's programme, but he was completely unsuccessful; for T. had wandered into the Orderly Room to seek the aid of six stalwart airmen who would assist in placing three pairs of socks into his cases. This being successfully accomplished, he then remembered that a very important letter lay snugly packed at the bottom of one (he did not know which!) Again the socks came into view, much to the amusement of the men.

We dumped his luggage at Government House where he was the guest of the High Commissioner (Gen. Sir Arthur Wauchope), but not without first being held up by a very young and very fierce-looking Cameron Highlander, who brought his rifle and bayonet down "on guard," and resolutely challenged the entry of two "smug looking" parsons. We called upon the Inspector General of Police (an Old Pauline) and discovered in the Deputy I.G. a man who was about to take over a new post in Nigeria. He was promptly commissioned by T. to look after Toc H in those parts. We lunched with another old schoolmate and friend of T.'s (Sir Michael McDonnell, the Chief Justice) and visited the Bishop in Jerusalem, and Parker, the local Toc H Padre. Here we learned that a member of the Group had lost a child, and the funeral was that afternoon. We attended this burial service in the little English cemetery overlooking the Holy City. A visit to the War Graves Cemetery and Prayers together. Then I had to leave for Haifa to take part in the World Chain of Light, whilst T. joined in with the Jerusalem Group at St. George's Cathedral. I left T. in deep and earnest conversation with an R.A.F. car-driver as to the possibility of buying in Jerusalem "a Bible with wooden lids"!

II.

The next few days saw me busily visiting the pipe-line for Christmas, calling upon Toc H at Ramleh, Jerusalem and Amman in Transjordan, where rumours were rife of the good accomplished by T.'s visit to these units. I discovered T. again, on my return from the desert at Haifa, where he had been conduct-

ing Christmas services in the Fleet. Having taken over three rooms as my new dwelling place in Haifa, these were promptly commandeered by T. for Haifa Toc H H.Q. Each night for three weeks or more, these rooms were filled to overflowing by sailors, soldiers and civilians. T. sat upon the floor in his own inimitable way. These were nights and talks to remember, and the result now is that Haifa Group has the tremendous responsibility of catering for, and welcoming into Toc H some fifty new members, with an ever increasing number flowing in.

Each Sunday afternoon saw a house crowded with Naval officers and men, notebooks and pencils in hand, taking lessons from T. on Toc H. At 6.30 p.m. the "school" filled the little English Church of St. Luke's-under-Carmel, and returned again to my rooms for tea and biscuits and more teaching. I have heard T. talk many times to men, but never before so earnestly and well; he patiently and persistently taught these sailors Toc H. As for the "school"—there was no class of students in all the world to surpass them. Here were good men and true, intensely eager to learn, and not just to listen—asking questions and receiving solid answers and systematic instruction.

III.

It was my privilege to spend two days at sea with T. aboard a destroyer. Apart from the excitement of "war time exercises," it was an opportunity seldom given to an outsider, to learn from sailormen. It is every bit true that seafaring men are as near to God as any, and have much to teach ordinary landsmen. It was next best to anything I have ever been taught since war days in the front line trenches, and through it all I was deeply moved and impressed.

Toc H may be truly grateful that T. is his old self again; and under God is doing this work among sailors for Toc H. We ought to be no less truly thankful that such excellent chaps are strengthening our ranks. The campaign will have lasting effects upon Toc H as a whole, and upon Service men in the Navy, Army and Air Force. T. will have much to tell at home during the coming great

Festival, and we pray that he will be kept fit and strong to carry out his scheme. It is good news that Sargie has joined him at Alexandria, and his coming is deeply welcomed by Toc H in the Middle East.

IV.

I was aboard H.M.S. *Acasta*, which is T.'s home at this end of his beat, when he held a special service in memory of His late Majesty, King George, and men from two destroyers were gathered as he talked quite simply about "The Squire of Sandringham." It affected the men deeply, and endeared the King more to their hearts.

As in the days of the war, T. moved among soldiers, so he now moves in exactly the same spirit among men of the Senior Service, and is beloved and honoured by all, from the highest to the lowest rank and rating. Men gather about him eagerly and spontaneously. They lay wait upon the "little man" for his kindly smile and characteristic greeting. On the day the sad news of the King's death was received, with two Naval officers we motored to the hills above Lake Galilee, and there quietly spent the day. Looking down upon the Sea of Tiberias, we were made to think of the Master and His gathering in of the fishermen, true men and good, who were to turn the world upside down with the good news. T. sketched anew the scene below us, which enlightened our dull minds to his great hope and work. Galilee at times reflects a world of turmoil and trouble, and yet again a magnificent picture of things to be, through the power—human and divine. Our thoughts dwell upon the old Gospel, and the new inter-

pretation of it, through Toc H—and there, on that solemn day, for Englishmen, "there was a great calm."

There can be no doubt in my mind that T. has been sent under God to work among Service men, and at a time when they most need help—but at the same time, thank God, without the appalling dangers of old when he was Innkeeper to the Elder Brethren. I know that you will remember him at home, until he returns for the coming Festival. God alone knows what fruit his work among men out here will bear for our great family. But time will tell, and in the meantime—God will bless.

P.S. I realise how difficult it is to read this, let alone make something known of it to Toc H at home and everywhere, for I am not apt with word or pen, but if it conveys but a little of the work T. is doing, it will achieve its purpose, and dispel fears for his health and safety. I bade farewell to him aboard the *Despatch* last Friday night, and we prayed together, for the work going on, until we meet again within a month. Meanwhile, I return to my real task, along the pipe-line, leaving some fifty chaps, the best God may give Toc H, under His care and guidance, to my very small family in Haifa. Your prayers at home are due and much needed. I feel that there has never been such a terrific task thrust upon man for a long time, such as is now T.'s. And these sailor lads are hand-picked by him; they are not coming in blindly, or through sentiment. There is something about them and in them that makes me fearful, and yet most happy.

HARRY MOSS.

Sequel

As an instance of the kind of way in which the Navy men are taking up Toc H and beginning to run it for themselves, we may quote a piece of "captured correspondence." Here is a Petty Officer member writing to an Able Seaman:—

"Dear Albert,

Many thanks for your letter, received today. Half-a-dozen chaps have volunteered, including A.B. * * *. I may be able to gather a few more by to-morrow. We shall land by the 7.30 boat, as you proposed, and meet at No. 6 Landing. . . ."

Tubby explains:— "Here we have Toc H R.N. organising between the ships of — Flotilla, an evening to be given to cheering up 'the hands' who land at the Red Duster Quays and patronise a very mouldy club. The R.N. job—on their *only* night ashore for a fortnight—was to run a show for them."

MORE NARROWMINDEDNESS— AND ALL THAT

WHEN I entered the lounge of the Mark, the first living thing I saw was Harold, almost entombed in a great leather chair, chewing his thumb and muttering over a JOURNAL.

I was pleased, because I knew that Harold usually condemned this publication.

Harold is about the nicest thing possible in flannel bags and open minds. He vaguely believes in all the 'ists' and 'isms' and does lino-cuts. A bit too arty-crafty perhaps, for my liking, but a delightful man to have in a Branch.

He saw me coming and looked up sullenly, for the presence of a Padre never lightened his countenance.

"I see that you've been vapouring from the derelict yellow crater," he began.

"Yes, isn't it good?" I replied encouragingly.

"Usual sort of junk," he snorted, "exalting some fellow who kicks an inflated bladder about a filthy field to the delight of the mob mind. Wearing out good boot leather I call it."

I could not resist my cue.

"Perhaps better than defacing good linoleum that might have warmed the hearths and floorings of the poor."

Harold contemplated me more in sorrow than in anger. "I cannot see why ministers of religion should necessarily be vulgar."

"No, it seems a pity," I agreed, "but seriously, tell me the member's reaction to these vapourings." I knew that no-one could do it better than Harold.

He looked at me suspiciously before replying. "Was it indigestion or just prophets dreaming dreams?" he asked.

Harold was always hard on the prophets and harder still on the men of action.

"Well," I explained, "it was one prophet dreaming part of a dream."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why do I need to join Toc H if I am already immersed in my Boys' Clubs and Political affairs, and leading an English pack to victory?" he enquired.

"Because you can't live without seeing me," I pointed out. He nodded moodily, "Yes, you are difficult to avoid. But is there any sensible reason for my seeing you?"

I smiled brightly, or at any rate that's what it felt like, because my lip split as it does in frosty weather when I do that one.

"I inspire you, Harold. The human contact, you know. We change each other."

Harold shuddered and looked at me in mock horror. "Oh shut up," he begged, "I know how that one goes. We reconcile man to man and man to God, don't we?"

"Well, don't we?" I asked.

Harold was quiet for a minute before replying. "Yes, I suppose we do. But look here, seriously, how are we to find the time for these outside activities? You know what Branch and District life is?"

"Do I not!" I replied wearily, settling down in an adjoining chair.

"You are not answering my question," he pointed out.

"May I dream some more dreams then, or are you going to be sarcastic about prophets?" I enquired.

He grunted acquiescence and handed me his cigarette case.

"Well it's like this, as I see it," I began, "half our trouble springs from the fact that Units are not truly representative of their localities. I really can't see Toc H having a great future unless it begins a reconstruction."

"We've had that more than once," Harold interposed.

"Then we must deconstruct."

"Mr. Herbert doesn't allow the word," he pointed out.

"No, that's true," I agreed, "but we may have to reconstruct our Units all the same. I think that we have spent years getting on our feet and getting our organisation, and I feel that now is the time for a big forward movement. In every district where there is a Branch we have got to have the Christian leaders of that district in Toc H."

"They're too busy already," he interjected.

"I think they would give us one night a week, or even one a fortnight if they can be made to realise what we are doing."

Harold indicated dissent. "What about jobs?" he asked.

"They *are* doing their jobs," I explained, "We have got to recognise that a Churchwarden is doing his job, that a Doctor is doing his job, that a relieving officer is doing his job."

Harold broke in again. "That means they would all be General Members," he pointed out.

"They would," I agreed, "and I am beginning to believe that the future of Toc H lies very largely with General Members."

He mused over this in silent thought for a moment.

"That's a great change, you know," he at length suggested.

"A state without the means of change is without the means of its conservation," I quoted in the grand manner.

He looked at me pityingly. "You mean if we don't get a move on we shall go bust?"

"Just that," I agreed.

"Then why compose all that rot?"

"I didn't," I pointed out, "it was Edmund Burke."

"I knew it was a Padre," Harold snorted.

"He wasn't one," I ventured.

Harold looked injured. "Oh, all right, step on it then and let me have the rest."

"Well then, my vision goes on like this. In every town Toc H becomes recognised as the Interdenominational meeting place of people who are really interested in learning God's will in Christ, and in working it out along Toc H lines. They will reckon their essential fellowship far above their agreements and disagreements."

"Church leaders, Christian Society leaders, Christian political leaders, and all those people who really want a Society which will discuss in the open things that matter—all these will find in Toc H their platform. In fact, Toc H will be the recognised Christian Council of the town."

"No good," Harold broke in.

"And why not?" I challenged.

"Because you would just get a flood of nominal Christians. It would be like the early Church becoming diluted at the triumph of that Johnny who saw a cross in the sky on Boat Race night."

"Constantine had nothing to do with the Boat Race," I said reprovingly.

"He sort of came into the boat and changed the rate of striking, didn't he?"

I had to admit the truth of this.

"Yes, I suppose he did. But that wouldn't happen to us." Harold was unconvinced. "And pray, why not?" he asked.

"Because no-one would be obliged to come to Toc H. All the 'yes-men' and the dead-weight merchants and the respectable Sunday-go-to-meeting people would not be interested in us. In fact, they would dislike us. They'd keep away all right."

Harold rolled in his chair and yawned. "Oh, I don't know. They can't keep their noses out of anything. The officious ecclesiastical mind you know."

I tried to rouse him. "Now look here, Harold. Do you really think that those people would want to come to a Society to discuss matters Civic, Social and Ecclesiastical? Do you think that they would want to hear Everyman's story? Do you think that they would want to abandon rank?"

"Certainly not the latter," he agreed, "but I think that they'd want to hear their own voices telling their own story."

I recognised some truth in that.

"Well, they could do so," I pointed out, "and we should be glad to hear them. But after that they would fade out. They'd never become members of Toc H."

Harold sat quiet and I knew that I had got him where I wanted him. He was beginning to take notice. I realised that I must not press the point. It was his move next.

He stretched his long legs and knocked out his pipe, prior to making his next suggestion.

"Come and mangle a chop somewhere and we will talk it over. I can never think in a Toc H Mark. The atmosphere is intellectually depressing."

I rather jumped at his suggestion. "It's certainly an idea, but what you really mean is that you won't think until you're mangling chops and sluicing ale."

Harold began to unwind himself from the depth of the chair and finally stood up murmuring "First that which is natural and afterward the spiritual."

"The devil can quote Scripture to his purpose," I reminded him. He shrugged his lean shoulders.

"Well it's your purpose as well as mine. Come on you."

We ambled out into the street and began walking. Under the influence of the lights and the traffic Harold seemed to mellow, and I could see by the furrowed brow that things were moving between his ears. I knew that the torrent was coming

soon, for Harold loved a new idea. At last he spoke.

"So, as you see it, Toc H is going to become the Christian Interdenominational Council of every village and berg in the land. All the really live functioning Christians are going to meet there. Owing to their activities in the social, ecclesiastical and political world they will quite often have to be General Members. But I take it you would still have room for the ordinary member? He doesn't fade out, does he?"

"Good heavens, no!" I cried in alarm. "He emphatically does not. Your General Member has to satisfy the Branch as to his activities, and your active member has to satisfy the Branch as to his too. Besides, these General Members will often be leaders and well developed ones, frequently of mature years."

"All the greybeards in fact," Harold sneered.

"Not at all," I replied, "there will be leaders of Rover crews, Junior Imps, Young Socialists, and men like Brigade captains."

"May we have Guide captains, too?" Harold enquired, hopefully.

"We may not," I assured him firmly.

"Now that," said Harold wistfully, "would have been the only decent part of the scheme." For a moment he looked despondent, and then went on "Still, I begin to see what you mean. It might be done. It doesn't really need any reconstruction either, does it? It only seems to need addition and recruitment to what we have already, and a big push by the Branches to get these fellows."

Heartened at last I nodded brightly, or again, that's what it felt like, for I had a sharp pain in the neck.

"You have said it, Harold. It only needs ideas, energy and drive. There isn't any real difficulty about it except you."

"Me indeed?" enquired the bewildered Harold.

"Yes you, you filleted egg. You and your charming fellow men. You pathetic lizards who are always moaning about the future of Toc H and thinking that somebody ought to be doing something about something, but you don't quite know what. Concentrate Harold, and it can be done. Erupt ideas. Exude drive. Get hold of your men. Flog your units mercilessly until you achieve."

Harold raised a protesting hand.

"Don't do it, old thing. Not to a starving man, I beg you. If you must talk like that, at least let it wait an hour until the tissues are repaired from the ravages of the day."

I recognised the justice of the request and knew that it would be wisdom for me to accede to it.

"As you like," I agreed. "Then let us turn in here and repair the ravages."

We had come to St. Giles' Circus and I pushed him into the entrance of the Corner House. "Down those stairs," I commanded.

He paused on the steps and became oratorical.

"I am willing to discuss your wild-cat schemes. It will be a change to get anywhere definite, a change from our eternal drifting. We just drift on and on and never seem to come to land. Everything

is so nebulous. All flows, and there is no plan and no permanence. To-night for instance, we have just drifted down this road and find ourselves about to feed here. We might just as easily have drifted to any of a thousand other eating houses in the locality. Yet here we are quite by accident . . ."

It was time to bring this to an end, for he was beginning to collect an audience.

"Rot," I broke in. "It wasn't accident. It was plan and design and drive."

He spread out his hands in despair.

"But why to this dive of all places?"

I think I grinned, for my lip split again.

"Because downstairs, here, we can get dark Munich beer on draught."

His mouth opened in surprise and then closed in a supercilious line.

"I know," he agreed, "at thirteen pence a pint. Quite beyond the reach of a Staff Padre I should have thought."

I led him gently downstairs by the arm.

"It is," I agreed, "and that, my lad, is just exactly the reason why you are now going to buy some."

He looked at me and there was a world of contempt in his eyes but he was beyond speech.

In fact, he had surrendered.

As I said before, Harold, with all his shortcomings, is really a very delightful man to have in a Branch. J. E. E. T.

THIS OUR FAMILY

OTHERS besides myself must at times have envied our Headquarters and Area Staffs their opportunities of seeing Toc H as a whole, or at least over a wider field than is possible for the ordinary member. But I doubt whether even this contact with a large number of units can afford such an insight into the life of Toc H as may be gained by spending a few months with each of a smaller num-

ber of Branches and Groups, as has been my experience in recent times. The effect of viewing our movement from such a standpoint was somewhat disturbing, since the bright spots were in so marked a minority. A real sense of purpose seemed completely lacking in many units, though it is only fair to add that the members themselves are often most conscious of this. The matter is one of urgency since

if Toc H ceases to make its special contribution to our day it is merely standing in the way of other bodies, overlapping and even hindering their work.

Whilst a movement cannot be limited by its origin or its history, it may none the less be useful to consider whether changes which have taken place in its outlook or in its emphasis in various directions are for the better, whether gains in one direction may have been at the sacrifice of essentials elsewhere. Those of us whose knowledge of Toc H goes back ten years or more, to the "golden age" referred to in a recent article, will realize three principal changes over this period:—

(i) The volume of social service has increased and its standard of execution is generally higher. The more difficult types of job are being tackled, and members are relying less on inspiration and more on perspiration. When a need becomes apparent in a locality, men will go to the trouble of studying the subject and of training themselves to meet it.

(ii) Friendship, as expressed through the family life of Toc H in earlier days, is at a low ebb.

(iii) The spiritual life of units appears to have lost much of its depth—I do not refer here to the outward expressions of this (*e.g.* family prayers at meetings, etc.), though they are obviously related.

Let us first consider the second point. Those who had returned from the war had passed through some unforgettable experiences, one of which—the close comradeship of the services—they held too good to lose. Such men as these were the founder members of Toc H, who set themselves to preserve this spirit, or as the formal language of the Royal Charter puts it: "To preserve amongst men and to transmit to future generations the tradi-

tions of fellowship and service manifested by all ranks during the war." Thus the spirit of hospitality prevailed in Toc H, and that high-hearted happiness and "the laughter that is born of friends" formed an essential part. To meet the stranger half-way was a recognised duty—in the practice of which men learnt to go even further without discouragement. Men embarked on the adventure of friendship with others for the joy of knowing them and being of service to them.

It will hardly be disputed that the rebirth of Toc H after the war was largely based on men's love for their fellows and on a sincere desire to understand and help them, and "after all, to know men is not difficult and it is half the battle"—this was the means to that end. The formula could scarcely have been in simpler terms, yet a method which was so effective 15 years ago seems to many to have lost its significance and its force to-day. The reason for this is perhaps contained in the comment of a critic of Toc H recently. "Brotherhood is possible without Fatherhood but it is not likely to be enduring."

This leads to a consideration of my third point and of the real nature of Toc H. As the record of Talbot House shows, in the stress of war many men first came face to face with God, and there is ample illustration of this fact in the *Tales of Talbot House*, especially Ch. VIII. The testimony of the Old House and of early Toc H is that where Christianity is presented as the natural and manly thing it is, it does not fail to attract and hold ordinary men, men with wills of their own. Thus from the first, Toc H, was essentially a spiritual growth, and the standard by which our movement will always stand or fall is its power to change chaps (*i.e.* to help them to realize their relationship to God) rather than on its output of social service.

Now I will venture the opinion, on which my whole belief in Toc H is based, that these elements, humble witness and the "light of brotherly love," are inseparable, each being both cause and effect. Men had come to understand and to love one another because they were trying to love God: others were drawn to God because of the experience of knowing men who had gone out of their way to extend friendship to them.

To-day Toc H is losing its love for, and its interest in, men just to the extent to which it is ceasing to be gripped by love for God Himself. And here I feel is a clue to the present state of our household

—we are in danger of forgetting that the link between man and man is the common Fatherhood of God. Once this is faced the problem becomes essentially a practical one, for each of us to solve in his own way and by contributing his individual effort. For until men are familiar friends Toc H can neither serve them nor use them, it cannot bring out the latest capacity for love and service that is in all men. This seems to be the thought underlying the sentence ". . . thereby encouraging its members *through the common Christian life of the family* to seek God, to find His will and to do it."

BACK BENCHER.

PAT'S NEXT JOB

"Lord Salisbury has presented the Rev. M. P. G. Leonard to the Living of Bishop's Hatfield. In making this appointment Lord Salisbury has selected a man who has been at the heart of Toc H from its earliest days and who will now, while retaining as much active connection with the Movement as his new duties allow, be able to bring his valuable experience in this respect to the service of the rapidly growing population of this parish."

THE foregoing announcement in the *Times* will come as a surprise to many members of Toc H. This is not the moment to bear testimony to the love with which Pat is regarded by very many individual members, nor to speak of the part which he has played in the building up of Toc H from the earliest days. To talk of such things would be fitting if Pat were really leaving us. But he is not. He has been called to what is going to be perhaps the biggest Toc H job he has yet undertaken. Lord Salisbury is the senior trustee of Toc H. He understands and cares for it, and would be the last willingly to do it an injury. By making this presentation he has done two things. First he has given Pat a Toc H job of the first water. Round Hatfield is growing up a large area of new industries and new housing. Pat's job as Vicar and Christian leader in a place of such possibilities is, in the words of our Patron at the Leicester Festival, that "of bringing friendship to bear and so helping to ensure that new houses become ideal houses." Secondly Lord Salisbury has borne in mind

that Hatfield is within easy reach of London. Pat, through his appointment, will be able, with a permanence that could not otherwise have been ensured, to be in regular and intimate touch with the work of Toc H Headquarters in London. The parish of Hatfield is a team job, and though Pat as leader of the team will have his primary duty there, he will be able to see enough of Toc H at any rate in the nearer parts of the country, to maintain many of those personal contacts which are so specially his. Friendships will be kept in repair, and if some of us have to reconcile ourselves to seeing Pat's face less frequently than of old, we shall rejoice, despite our disappointment, that it has been made possible for him still to bear his own special part in Toc H. The whole membership will undoubtedly join with the Central Executive which unanimously recommended his acceptance and gave its blessing to his undertaking. Pat and Mrs. Pat will go to Hatfield secure in the goodwill, the affection and the prayers of all their friends in Toc H.

SOUP AND SOPHISTICATION

"ARE you doing anything next Friday?" queried the Toc H padre.

"Nothing important—what do you want done?"

"Soup!" he answered and smiled.

Soup: he went on to explain his difficulties. He required someone to superintend the distribution of hot soup to the people who arrive at the Church Hall on Fridays between twelve and one o'clock. A well-known seaside restaurant has been converted into a Soup Kitchen during these winter months. Voluntary workers go to the Central Kitchen to prepare and make the soup, and at several halls in the town others distribute it to the distressed. The hall where I help is two miles away from the Central depot. The soup arrives hot in a large new (sh!) dustbin, all nice and shiny outside, and with a wonderful mixture inside. Swimming around in the soup are carrots and turnips, pieces of meat and the soup smells (and tastes) good!

My assistant and I on one occasion also felt rather hungry and there seemed to be too much soup for our clients. Unfortunately five-year's old James, son of the padre, had come with us to help (doubtful). He usually spends half his time ducking underneath the person who is serving out the soup. When things were quiet we tried the soup—three cups. We both grimaced and our eyes met. We watched James. Suddenly he tipped all the soup back into the bin. We did the same.

"What's the matter, James?" we asked the boy.

"Taste's funny!" came the ready answer.

Suddenly we realised what had happened—we had forgotten that the soup-suppliers did not put in salt!

A small queue gathers before the arrival of the soup. One listens to the women discussing their own little and big troubles and difficulties. "My husband has been out. . . ." there is no need to tell the stories. No doubt there are the same type of stories in every locality.

There are all classes here: some obviously are in need of the assistance; others selfishly rely upon it to save the dinner money for a visit to the cinema. Children are sent to carry home a jug of soup for lazy or slumbering adults, but philosophically we have decided we would rather see the kiddies come along with jugs for soup than to see them go along to the public-house for father's dinner-beer (shades of the Victorian ages).

Basins arrive together with toilet jugs. In some cases it is obviously an enamel jug specially purchased to hold soup and one wonders for a moment whether the distress case is genuine. It is a great life if you do not weaken!

Here comes a kiddie with a jug which has the top chipped, and another child brings a receptacle which obviously bears traces of the last soup-day. One little girl comes every week for soup for nine. Last week she brought a large jug and requested more than usual. "Auntie has come down from London!" she replied to our puzzled questions.

Here comes a no-shave, no-razor man. He asks when the next soup-day will be and we have to tell him Soup on Tuesdays and Thursdays has been discontinued because there is no car to fetch the soup and we can only open on Fridays. How the poor are willing to help the poor!—he volunteers to push the dustbin from the Central Kitchen uphill two miles to the Hall.

Corn-in-Egypt to-day—the Central Soup Kitchen has sent us five large loaves.

The miracle has been done through the kindness of some member of the general public who has promised a certain number of loaves each week for a few weeks.

At the Central Soup Kitchen one can sit down and have soup on the premises but at the hall we cater for the needs of the neighbourhood—mainly school children—and although we only serve perhaps thirty people they represent a population of about ninety at least. The average number in the families seems to be five and six with occasional nines and tens.

The end of the soup is nearly reached. There are still one or two more clients. *Allez-ooop* with the dust-bin, one, two, three!—the last drops are drained into the last jug for to-day.

Those who should arrive now are too late as there is no more soup. And the Central Kitchen is not upon the telephone.

A few minutes are spent in clearing up and James is rescued from the cauldron for the last time to-day. The scoop is put into water. The dustbin is collected on the next Soup-day when another bin is left. The building is locked up and one goes home to *fish* for dinner! One cannot face soup!

So if you are suffering from Superiority Complex or Sophistication and wish to feel humble, go along and help at the local 'Soup Kitch.' Or if you feel you have a debt to pay for being able to sit down to a good dinner, go along and help give dinners to those who are not quite so fortunate.

Go!—and forget everything you have ever been told about Christianity. Because when you watch your distressed people carrying away the modern widow's cruses you will realise the fuller meanings of His Teachings.

FRANK A. KING.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Leslie Welby: Sheffield Branch

LESLIE WELBY, who died in Harrogate Hospital on December 21, 1935, at the early age of 25, was initiated as a member of the Harrogate Branch in 1931 and later transferred to Sheffield, where he was a hosteller at the Mark for nearly four years. His courage and cheerfulness in the face of two years continual illness remains an inspiration to all who knew him.

Aubrey Allen: Seven Kings Group

The death of AUBREY ALLEN on January 17 is a great loss to the district as a whole as well as to Toc H. He was an early member of Ilford Branch and the mainstay of the group which he helped to form.

James W. Sutcliffe: Rochdale Branch

With a deep sense of loss the Branch heard of the death of JAMES SUTCLIFFE, who was chiefly responsible for introducing Toc H to Rochdale. His death at the age of 27 has removed a quiet and charming personality.

H. J. Harvey: Rainham Branch

Lieut.-Commander H. J. HARVEY passed over suddenly and peacefully on February 3. He was one of the original members and had held the offices of Chairman and Jobmaster and served in the District Team. As Naval Correspondent for the last few years for the ports of Chatham and Sheerness he did splendid work. He was known throughout the District and beyond as "Jut," since he was on the bridge with Admiral Jellicoe at Jutland. "A man much beloved by all who knew him."

A. T. Hocking: Whetstone Group

The Rev. A. T. HOCKING, who died on February 3 at the age of 67, was the Padre of the Group since its beginning. His love and understanding of all men will be greatly missed not only locally but in the larger family of Toc H. He was Minister of the Whetstone Congregational Church for 21 years.

STRAIGHT THINKING

Being the substance of an address to a Northern unit by a District Secretary, November, 1935.

I AM convinced that clear thinking and the study of world-problems is a paramount duty of our movement at the present time, and I want to whet your appetite sufficiently to read modern literature on the subject, or to form study circles for this purpose.

There is an aphorism ascribed to Descartes which says *Cogito, ergo sum*—"I think, therefore I am—I exist"; the implication is evident when we consider that our slightest action is controlled by the brain, but Descartes, a 'father of philosophy,' surely meant much more than this—that if we do not exercise our whole personality of head, heart and hand, we do not know the true meaning of 'living'—to which end Thought is as necessary as Feeling and Action.

I might multiply the evidence of this fact *ad infinitum*, but will confine myself to two recent utterances within the 'body politic' of Toc H.

The main theme of last summer's Staff Conference was Training, and a special emphasis was laid on thought. If you care to refer to the October JOURNAL, you will see that, under the title, "Making Men through Study," Bobs Ford prefaces his address on this subject with the words, "Never did an age so need men who can think straight for themselves. How far can Toc H through reading, corporate study and thought, rise to its responsibilities." Secondly, our King, when Prince of Wales, is reported to have said in a public speech, "Never was clear thinking in international affairs more essential; never was it more necessary for each successive Government to have behind it an enlightened and informed public opinion." "An enlightened and informed public opinion": I lay particular stress upon these words of the King, because they

should be blazoned across the world for all men to read and think upon.

What a vastly different world this might be if men thought for themselves, instead of leaving their thinking on world conduct—vital matters of Life and Death—to the politicians and the daily press, who are out to cater for a public that does not want to think, that prefers to be lured into an atmosphere of false security in these matters! If they were too candid the politicians would lose votes and the 'dailies' circulation.

Excuses

There are many arguments that may be advanced against individual thought on such wide issues, and I will anticipate some of them:—

1. "*The average man has not time to concern himself in such matters, and must leave it to the expert.*"

Unfortunately, it is not left to the experts to decide; it is the voting masses, who have not given serious thought to the subject, who decide.

2. "*A certain standard of education is required before we can appreciate the importance of such issues.*"

Yet there is no such standard for the elector; he merely has to put a cross against a name. On this line of argument I am interested to see what is being accomplished by the "Workers' Educational Association" in this direction.

3. "*Leave this extra burden of maturity till Toc H comes-of-age next June.*"

Many of these lads whom we honour as 'our Elder Brethren' acted long before they could celebrate such an occasion.

4. Or are you going to argue that "*you are already giving up all your spare time to Toc H 'jobs'.*"?

Then I say "Give up some of these

jobs and do a bit of clear thinking, which will advance the cause of Toc H in the world far more than most of the 'jobs' we can do." Whilst we are on this Point of our Compass, don't you think we are inclined to concentrate too much on the *effect* rather than the *cause*, in service to our fellow men? By our 'jobs' we may help to mitigate their burden, but we do not attempt to fathom the *cause* of that burden and endeavour to remove it.

Don't think that I desire to disparage these jobs of ours, but they are merely the automatic expression of our good-will, shared by all right-thinking men, and it should not take an organisation like Toc H to tell us our common Christian duty. Toc H has a wider purpose—and men's work to do. That work, as I conceive it, is much more intricate than the clear-cut issues facing those who went to the Great War, it may even prove to be fighting for the very existence of civilisation; and it is yet to prove that it may not endanger life and limb.

Need for World Action

There is another question that might reasonably be asked, and it is this: "*Why concentrate on world-affairs when there is so much needing attention at home; surely it is our duty to 'put our own house in order' first?*"

Curious though it may seem, I believe the answer to be in the negative, except for minor matters. Eighty years ago it might have been in order to think on these lines, but what mankind as a whole has *not* grasped (again through not thinking for himself) is that Science has advanced so rapidly during the last half-century in steam, oil, electricity and air as to outstrip his mental power to assimilate it. To put it tersely, science has given the world a new sensory nerve, which past ages never experienced; a nerve that has so closely knit humanity that the world has become

one indivisible economic system. There is a complete confluence of racial, economic and political destinies which renders the old traditions, which have always governed the conduct of human affairs, obsolete.

No nation can now disregard these facts and live to itself, any more than can the individual, without grave injustice to its neighbours. All national problems are world problems: to mention only three of them, Unemployment (which can never be cured nationally), War and Monetary instability, which are indivisible because they have their root in the same cause—individual or national 'interests;' to put it more harshly, 'greed.'

Scientific Disproportion

The principal factor in this scientific advance is, of course, rapid communication by aeroplane, wireless and cable. These forces of applied science have advanced out of all proportion to biology and mental or social intelligence and this fact produces our immediate problem. It is much easier to develop Science, which is a mechanical process, than to attune the mind of mankind collaterally to this enormous power he has created. It is very evident that, until Thought has advanced equally with Science, the latter will continue to operate in destructive rather than creative effort.

Though I do not know its appellation, there is a classified disease which causes the bones of the body to develop out of all proportion to the rest of the tissues. I have known such a case; he was a doctor and his face was terrible to look at, it was like a huge grey mask carved out of stone. Premature death is certain—the doctor died when he was 36. A similar hypertrophy is going on in the body of the world to-day. Applied science—the 'bone' of the world-body—is rapidly growing out of all proportion to its intellectual and

social tissue, and if the world will not recognise this fact, and readjust its mentality and policies to meet these needs, science will eventually kill it.

In order to assist you to clear thinking on this subject I am going to suggest two books for your perusal and study, always assuming that you have not already read them. They are Sir Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion* and Mr. H. G. Wells' *The Shape of Things to Come*.

Angwellism

The reason I choose these writers out of a host of others on the subject is, that they probe right to the root of our problems and cover the whole ground; they are interesting without being too technical, and the result of their argument is, for our present purpose, identical. Because of this, and for brevity, I will call their line of argument, their theories, 'Angwellism.'

Angell's is a voice crying in the wilderness of our present age, warning us that unless civilisation revolutionises its present policies, its end is not far distant. His main theme is, of course, War and its causation, but we must read this word in its wider significance as including the conflict always going on between nations for the preponderance of the world's trade, territory and wealth—the result of intensive nationalism, which demonstrates more clearly a point I have already indicated—that War and all our other problems have their roots so interwoven that it is impossible to treat them separately: fundamentally, they are one.

Wells shows us this Grand Catastrophe, the collapse of civilisation as we at present know it, as happening in the very near future. Another world-war, infinitely more terrible than anything preceding it, because it is accompanied by all the latest scientific inventions for the destruction of civil population, is followed by the collapse

of the monetary system and all the old traditions on which men built their national hates, fears and suspicions. The subsequent period of some hundred years shows us the struggle back to some sort of world order, on saner and sounder lines.

The Shape of Things to Come is written as a history from the viewpoint of an enlightened historian of 150 years hence. In his later chapters, we may consider that the author rather lets his 'vision' of world-order carry him away, but he has some extremely useful lessons to teach us in the first part of the book, which is a candid review of our own age.

The fact that Wells repudiates any Christian influence (or, indeed, religious influence of any kind), in the building of his Utopia need not detract from the value of these lessons; indeed, as Christians, it should give us an impetus. However, one regrets that a man of such constructive genius, who can visualise a new world, built on Love and Goodwill instead of Hate and Greed, should imagine that this could be implemented with no greater moral force behind it than mere 'duty to Society.'

When you close that book, you may think it 'far-fetched' and impossible, but I would remind you that prophetic writers of all ages have been subject to the same criticisms. Fifty years ago, Jules Verne, with his stories of travel in the air and under the sea, was thought 'impossible'—yet to-day these things are an essential part of our existence. I believe he only wrote to amuse schoolboys and with no intention of conveying a solemn warning.

Economics—The First Problem

Besides bringing trained intelligence to bear on the root causes of our world disorders, there is a second basic principle which both writers insist upon, and it is this; that until the Economic problem is solved so as to give the mass of people

secure and tolerable physical existence, economic considerations will exclude all others.

These are the words of Angell; but as it appears to me that the 'economic problem' is the basis of many evils, both national and individual—hate, greed, suspicion, jealousy. If we could remove, or even mitigate, this problem, these other evils would, in like measure, also be removed. This being so, the statement is worthy of closer examination. It is tantamount to this, that until mankind can be freed from the worry of where his next meal is coming from, what is going to happen if he loses his present job, or what horrors the future may have in store for him and his if his financial affairs go wrong—in short, until he can be freed from 'the struggle for existence'—the economic pressure is such that he has very little time to give to other considerations. There must be something appallingly wrong with civilisation when, whilst thousands starve, wheat can be burnt and fish thrown back into the sea, because there is 'no market for it'! "Yes," you may say, "but even if we arrive at definite convictions as a result of our serious study of these problems, how are we to translate them into action?"

Paradoxical as it may seem at first sight, the result of such thought *is* action; we cannot hold strong convictions on any subject without transmitting them to others, and it is also acceding to the urgent appeal for an 'enlightened and

informed public opinion.'

I can see 'Angwellian' thought reflected in the writings of many leading authors and journalists of to-day; there is an increasing realisation that, as at present constituted, civilisation is running head-long to disaster.

Nor is this realisation confined to thought. We see it in action, no matter how feebly, in the pusillanimous and limited "League of Nations"—the first indication that humanity appreciates the fact of its common destiny. We see the economic problem being faced up to by the demands of the Social Credit Secretariat for monetary reform, under the leadership of Major C. H. Douglas and the Dean of Canterbury, the revolt of Alberta and the return of governments in New Zealand and Tasmania pledged to this end.

With our wide divergence of thought within Toc H, I cannot expect all to agree that what I have described as 'Angwellism' is the only solution to our problems; but we are a 'movement' and as such we cannot sit still and trust evolution to solve these problems. To do so would be sheer laziness and the avoiding of our responsibilities as citizens. As a movement, we must have a definite goal to move towards. That goal is described in the Main Resolution, and it is "To fight at all costs for the setting up of Christ's Kingdom upon earth." We may profoundly disagree as to the best method of doing this—but, for God's sake, let us *think*! H. L. S.

"SEEDLEY"

MEMBERS in Manchester and Salford will long feel their hearts quicken when they hear the name "Seedley" spoken: J. E. Jones, who bore it, was a man whom they could never meet without feeling refreshed and filled with gratitude. All his friends will be grateful for the memorial of him which Charlie Hampson has raised in

the latest addition to Tubby's '*Bangwen*' series: "*Seedley*"—*John Edward Jones of Mark XIV*. And members all over the world should be ready to spend their sixpences to read of this man, so humble in heart and way of life, so great in faithfulness. There has been no finer example among us of a 'Toc H man.'

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

Members of Toc H ought to know, as a matter of history, that a gift of ten guineas to the Old House in 1916 in memory of Major EDMUND STREET, one of the earliest helpers of Talbot House, was destined to have very widespread results in the years since then. For it was the nucleus of a fund for training officers and men who survived the war, for the ministry of the Church of England. The 'ORDINATION TEST SCHOOL' was first set up in France after the Armistice, with TUBBY as one of its teachers and with the furniture of TALBOT HOUSE in its Chapel. On demobilisation the school crossed the Channel and found a home in the disused prison of KNUTSFORD in Cheshire. Many hundreds of men have gone forth from it to serve in parishes at home and abroad, and the Test School, now removed to HAWARDEN, still goes on. Its history has been closely bound up with Toc H, and many well-known Toc H members and padres have been among its teachers and pupils. The story should be read in greater detail in *The Years Between*, p. 37-43.

An interesting relic of the School, which has just turned up among Padre Baggallay's papers, is here given a new lease of life. The typewritten sheet is headed "G.H.Q. Ordination Test School—Preliminary Test Paper." It is a 'General Knowledge Paper,' not at all 'highbrow,' designed to test the knowledge and intelligence of candidates—for the Test School, as its name implies, existed to test the characters and the all-round capabilities of men to learn things and not merely instruct them in theology. The average Toc H unit to-day is no more mixed, in point of education, than were the Test School candidates in khaki. A unit could stage an amusing and instructive family-night with the help of this paper.

Preliminary Test Paper

DO not try to answer all the questions.

Read the paper through and tackle those you can do best. The first section is the easiest, the second harder, and the third most advanced. You can answer questions in any section, but those in the third section count most.

SECTION I

1. What do you know of—Waterloo, Sedan, Salamis, Balaclava, The Chartist Riots, Constantinople?

2. From what language are the following words derived—Conservative, Megaphone, Telegraph, Padre, Portmanteau, Kindergarten, 'Buckshee'?

3. What is the meaning of—R.S.V.P.; R.I.P.; L.L.D.; P.C.; M.A.

4. Correct the following sentences:—

(a) This tablet is erected in memory of John Jones who was accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.

(b) Wanted: A Piano for retired Major with carved legs.

(c) Those sort of questions always annoy me.

(d) This paper is enough to absolutely kill me.

(e) Always use a preposition to end a sentence with.

5. It is proposed to start an Ordination School Magazine. Write a letter to the Editor—or any other contribution you like.

6. Why does a muddy road dry quicker on a windy warm day than on a quiet damp day?

7. Assuming that the rum ration is 1/16th pint, and that each man can carry one gallon jar over slippery duckboards, how many men must there be in the carrying-party to take the issue to 500 men (assuming the honesty of the C.Q.M.S.)?

SECTION II

1. Write a short account of any six of the following:— Sir Walter Scott, Chaucer, Garibaldi, Livingstone, Karl Marx, Kipling, Nietzsche, Marie Antoinette, Abraham Lincoln, Santa Claus, Dan Leno, Bach, Falstaff, Sir J. Reynolds, Pelman.

2. Write short notes on— The Minimum Wage, The Co-operative Movement, Local Option, The Monroe Doctrine.

3. What are the four greatest scientific discoveries of the last 200 years?

4. Do you think the Press ought to be censored by the Government in peace time?

SECTION III

1. Is a man responsible for his actions?

2. How did France become a Republic?

3. Who is your favourite author? Give reasons.

4. The strength and weakness of Democratic Government as exemplified in the War.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ The Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL will be held at 42, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3, on Saturday, April 25, at 2 for 2.30 p.m.

✠ PETER MONIE (lately Hon. Administrator), is to be ordained deacon on March 7 in St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow. He will later take up duties at the Cathedral.

✠ The REV. J. McL. CAMPBELL, M.C., late Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon, and now Secretary of the Missionary Council of the Church Assembly, has been appointed an Hon. Association Padre.

✠ PADRE NOEL MARSHALL has now returned to England after a year as Toc H Padre in the Argentine. During his time there he was able, with the consent and approval of the Argentine Council of Toc H, to visit Toc H in Chile, bringing a very welcome contact with the wider world of Toc H to the isolated units there which have been bravely holding on in the face of great difficulties.

✠ Many friends in Southern Africa and in London will wish to congratulate GEOFF MARTIN on his engagement to HAZEL MATTHEWS.

✠ Naval Correspondent, The Nore (Chatham), is now L/Scaman G. CUMBERWORTH, 53, Ivy Street, Rainham, Kent, who was Hon. Secretary of Toc H, China Fleet, until January, 1934, while in H.M.S. *Medway*. He replaces Lt.-Commander H. J. HARVEY, known to his friends as 'Jutland,' whose sudden death is reported on page 114.

✠ MAYNE ELSON (late of Rio de Janeiro) after a period of training at home, sailed by the *Automedon* on February 15 to take up a full-time Toc H appointment in the Far East, covering the wide range from Malaya to Japan. This post has been made possible financially by the generous support of firms interested in the Far East, backed by the efforts of local units.

✠ RONALD WRAITH, who has been succeeded by BRIAN BILLINGS as Area Secretary in New South Wales, has now returned from Australia to his former appointment as Eastern Area Secretary.

✠ The ANNUAL REPORT in a new form will be issued with the JOURNAL for April.

✠ Secretaries are reminded that capitation fees in respect of all members who have renewed their membership from January 1 should reach the Registrar within three months, so that *membership cards* for the current year may be issued. This reminder is published in view of the fact that to certain events of the Coming-of-Age Festival admission will be open only to members on production of a current membership card.

✠ The following Groups are to be congratulated on their promotion to Branch status: *Camberwell*, *Crayford* (Southern London), *Wembley* (Western London), *Short Heath*, *Soho* (West Midlands), *Burnley*, *Horwich* (Manchester), *Llandaff*, *Penarth*, *Riverside* (Cardiff), *Skewen* (South Wales), and *Paisley* (Scotland Central).





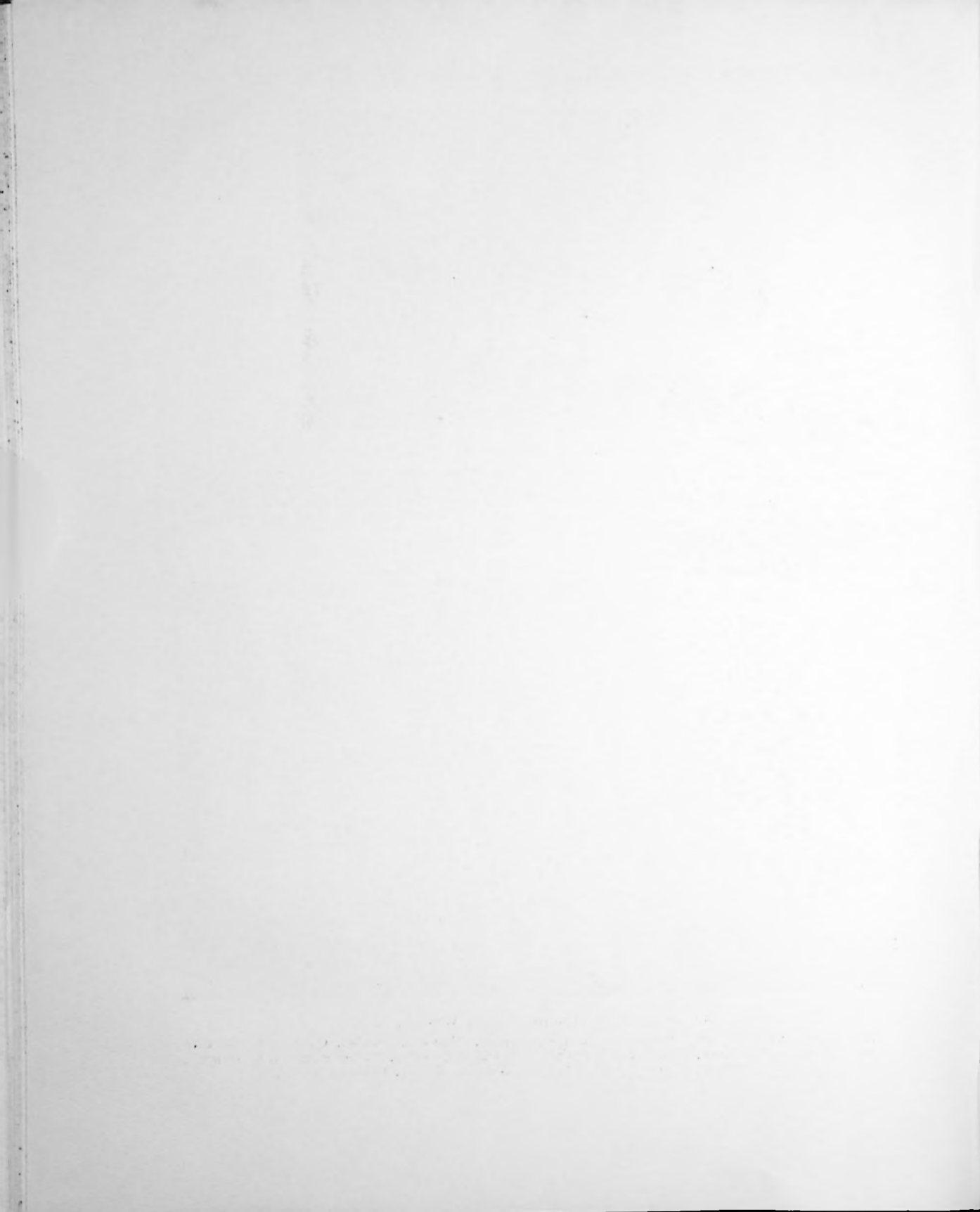
H.Q. LUNCH CLUB: A FEW MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.

At the Table: Owen Watkins (Hon. Administrative Padre); Eric Brown (Hon. Secretary for the Services); Paul Slessor (Asst. Schools Secretary and Secretary, Lone Units Committee); Rex Calkin (General Secretary); Wyatt Joyce (Asst. Editorial Secretary). In Front: Ted Hammond (Southern London Area Secretary); Leslie Wood (Surrey and Sussex Areas Secretary).



TOC H BAGHDAD-HINAI GROUP, WINTER, 1935.

Back Row: Willis, Ford, Plucknett, Raines, Hellier, Blunden, Davies, Catlicroft. Middle Row: Townsend, Pillery, Padre Kaill, Smith, Padre Keen, Wake, Padre Stuttford, Manley, Cook. Front Row: Ranner, Evans, Wright, Rower, Groves, Torin.



LISTEN, LEARN, PASS IT ON

Last June Mrs. ELLISON and Miss MONICA HILL, two emissaries of the Toc H League of Women Helpers, set out from England and, on July 12, landed at Cape Town for a visit to L.W.H. Southern Africa from which they sailed again on December 17. NORAH ELLISON was no stranger there, for she accompanied "Uncle" HARRY ELLISON on his arduous first tour in Africa in 1926, building L.W.H. alongside his building of Toc H in a great many places. In The Compass, the magazine of Toc H Southern Africa, for January, MONICA HILL gives a summary of her impressions of L.W.H. there, its progress, its shortcomings, its hopes and opportunities. She also found time to write several short articles for The Compass last year, and three of these (from the October, December and September issues respectively) we now reprint—with acknowledgment. For they deal with three successive stages in our knowledge of Toc H—"Listening that we may learn" about it; "Knowing" what it means; "Explaining" it to others, passing our knowledge on.

I. Listen

THE sun was just beginning to set on a bright, silent evening at home in Somerset when I took the colt out on a halter to stretch his legs. He had strained his shoulder hunting, and having had no exercise was full of spirits in the sharp evening air, barging against me as I ran beside him, throwing his head about, edging me into the ditch and pretending to shy at every dandelion and daisy. His hoofs rang strangely loud in the quiet lane.

At last I stopped and pulled him up, and while he grazed beside me I sat on the bank listening, absorbed in the silence, watching the changing lights. Suddenly the colt flung up his lovely head, every muscle tense, ears cocked, wide nostrils aquiver. How much more alive, alert, aware, he was than I! I had heard nothing, seen nothing, sensed nothing; but sure enough a moment later an old hen pheasant got up with a sudden clatter and went away with a rush and a whirr of wings.

There came to my mind at that moment certain words from the Main Resolution: "We pledge ourselves to strive to listen . . . for the voice of God." (I could not help remarking to Bugle that heaven and earth were full of His glory, but probably he knew that already, better than I

did myself.) To *strive* is a strong verb to attach to listening, but its use is amply justified. If you have ever listened for a ferret down a rabbit hole, or for hounds running on a windy day; if you have ever held your breath to catch at night the first clear notes of the nightingale, you will know that listening is never passive, effortless. It calls for that concentrated energy of mind and ear of which so many of our town-numbed minds are scarcely capable.

Here in the spaciousness of South Africa where surely the sense of those stretching miles of veld fades slowly, even where we cannot see them much, it would be a great thing if we determined to take the verbs in the Main Resolution in their rightful sequence—"to listen . . . to know . . . to do."

I shall deal later with the need for simple, fearless explanation of Toc H to others, but it is a plain fact that many of us cannot say what it is, for the simple reason that we do not know what it is. We make it our local club, complete with tea and gossip, and the addition of "Light" and prayers restricts its appeal. We make it the outlet for that instinct, so strong in women, to serve others, and our own good works degenerate into a tiresome spare-time activity. We make it our

religion, and discover sooner or later that of itself it can neither satisfy nor sustain. And in our perplexity we fly to *Rules of the Road*, which is useful in its place—the Secretary's bookshelf.

If we are to find the way out of this situation the first thing we have to do is to listen. I have tried to suggest that listening is nothing vague and visionary, but that, in fact, it takes a bit of doing. Each one will set about it differently, but it may be worth remarking that the mere attempt to produce a vacuum in the mind is seldom useful since most of us have a large enough one there already. I think for many listening means that you must lay aside your books, clear your mind of all immediate detail, and have the mental honesty and energy to discuss with yourself not what other people see in Toc H, but what you see in it, and furthermore, what, if anything, God sees in it. L.W.H. can not be truly built except on a solid substructure of thought—independent, original thought, not mere theory learnt by rote. We have indeed much to learn from others, but that falls under the heading of "to know" and is not our first concern. Our *first* concern is "to listen," and until we tackle that the mere attempt to set the machinery going—the holding of meetings, the doing of jobs, the running of Guest-nights—is so much wasted effort.

We are so slow to understand that the machinery can no more produce the spirit than an engine can produce the fuel on which it runs.

In every Group there must be people striving, making an effort, to listen and to think about the purpose of Toc H and its ways of working. We can never hope to reflect the Light of the World until we are reflective in the other sense of the word—willing to take the time to achieve that silence of the mind that breeds creative thought. And if we strive to listen we need not fear that the voice of God will be silent. In the natural world young Bugle pricks his ears and hears his pheasant stirring before ever man detects a rustle in the hedgerow, and we, who are spiritual beings, can, if we will have it so, become equally alive, alert, aware, in the realm of the spirit. Do not spoil Toc H by thoughtlessness or dissipate your energies in building it with no clear notion of what you hope it may become. Take time, make time, to listen first—*now*, says the Main Resolution, and always.

*With parted lips and outstretched hands,
And listening ears, Thy servant stands,
Call Thou early, call Thou late,
To Thy great service dedicate.*

The lives of our Elder Brethren offer ample proof that such listening is the basis of all true achievement.

II. To Know

One of your incredible South African trains is trailing tortoise-like across the Transkei, nearly bending double as it winds in and out among the hills, and the S.A.R. confronts me with this notice, in English and Afrikaans, across the carriage, "*Do you know? Weet U?*" There is an insistence about the question, written up in both languages, that defies evasion. Before we are much further on our way I shall *have* to move across and discover what more the railways want of me. They

are doing all I ask of them now, but if I will bestir myself to read the writing I shall find that they have more to offer.

Do you know? How often in these last four months have we asked that question ourselves about L.W.H.? How often have we tried to convince members that though it is doing all they ask of it now, if they will bestir themselves to read the writing they will find it wants still more of them, it has still more to offer!

No words can more fittingly be applied

to Toc H—that house not made with hands—than those of one of the loveliest old verses in the English language:

*"Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest treasure is,
I do adore thee.
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee."*

"I serve thee with my heart." Yes, hundreds and hundreds of members can say that, for men and women everywhere are serving it with faithfulness and ardour, but how many of us can honestly assert the other: "I know thee what thou art"? Again and again we must admit there is no name more apt for us than that of Bunyan's, "Mrs. Know-nothing."

Now knowledge of Toc H is a first essential. You are either well-informed about it or you are ignorant. Mostly, you are ignorant. Mostly—thank God for this—you know you are ignorant. That is one thing you *do* know, but though that first piece of knowledge and your eagerness to learn are two (there are many others) of the hopeful things about L.W.H. in this country, the time has now come when every member everywhere must remedy her ignorance. There is no other way. You will or you will not. Which is it to be? The future of the movement depends more than you guess upon your answer, for what F. R. Barry has written of the Church is true too of Toc H: "We lack that sense of mastery in our craft without which no work can be effective."

The reason is not far to seek, for most of our knowledge of the movement is third hand, fourth hand, fifth hand.

*"Absolute evidence have I none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street,
That he had an uncle who had a friend*

Who knew for a fact when the war would end."

We must be done with this kind of thing: you cannot have a teacher every day so you must go yourselves direct to the sources of knowledge—the books about Toc H. If there is a word of truth in what I have so constantly reiterated that you are missing half the joy and the power of Toc H if it is not calling you on to venture where you cannot see, to risk humiliation, to risk failure, to defy ridicule, to attempt the unusual, to study and try to understand what you believe to be beyond your grasp, then you will not moan that you are no reader, that the Toc H books are boring (untrue) or too stiff for your liking or that you have no time for reading. You will just buy the books or else borrow them, and read them well—these at least: 1. *Tales of Talbot House*, 1s. 6d.; 2. *The Years Between*, 1s.; 3. *The Introduction in the Toc H Diary*, 2s., (especially the longer version of the Four Points).

If I had my way no probationer would be accepted for membership till she had at least read these. The first two are the history of Toc H and make delightful reading: the third one explains the aims to-day. But best of all get *Toc H Under Weigh* by Peter Monie, and dig for the hidden treasure. It is not an easy book, and most of us have Very Little Brain, only, as Pooh says, "a little grey fluff that's blown into our heads by mistake," but if we are worth our salt we shall read that book right through from cover to cover, and each page twice or more till we have grasped its meaning. When the contents of such books are common knowledge then we can each say, as Rhodes once said, "Though my boat may be slow in the race I know what I am starting for."

Do you know? Weet U?

III. To Pass it on

If there is one thing more than another that seems to need emphasis to-day it is that Toc H is not a difficult affair which it needs the expert to teach; it is an profoundly simple thing within everyone's grasp and understanding. We need to keep firm hold of that fact. Again and again we confuse ourselves and others by supposing that Toc H is not easy to explain, and by turning our minds and theirs away from the main issues to the mass of detail that has accumulated around them. If we were better at explaining Toc H, we should undoubtedly be better at building it.

It should surely be at once the aim and the duty of every single member of L.W.H. to-day to reduce the ideas behind Toc H to the simplest possible form in her mind, and to train herself to express these ideas in the simplest possible way to other people. We may not be able to give a comprehensive sketch of the whole movement, but if the ideas are sufficiently clear cut in one's own mind there is no one, however inarticulate, who cannot give some straightforward description of its main purpose.

Our slipshod thought and evasive words about Toc H are all defeating the energy we pour so unstintingly into the building up of our Groups and Branches, and surely it is time we recognised that when L.W.H. tends to become over-organised, when it tends to become trivial or dull or foolish or lacking in purpose, these are nothing more than the effect of our own muddle headedness. If we understood the purpose of the movement as clearly as we understand the purpose of a motor car we would see that jobs, meetings and all the rest of the paraphernalia attached to L.W.H. bear the same relationship to it

as the different parts of a petrol engine bear to the fact that the car is going to take us somewhere. Everyone can understand the purpose of a car, however little they may grasp the intricacy of its workings, but when the simile is applied to Toc H one sees a fatal tendency to be familiar with the workings and ignorant of the purpose.

Anyone who cares to try can think of a hundred simple explanations of Toc H; it may be that these descriptions are no more than half-truths, but they are surely an improvement on the kind of conversation of which most of us have been guilty at some time or another.

A: What is Toc H?

B: Well, it would take ages to explain properly.

A: But what sort of thing is it? I don't know anything at all about it. Is it something like the B.E.S.L.?^{*}

B: Yes. Well, (*conscience stricken*) no, not really. You see it isn't only the war. We have meetings and do jobs and that sort of thing.

A: You mean good turns? More like the Guides?

B: Yes. Well, (*again conscience stricken*) no, not exactly.

A (*bored and no wiser*): Oh I see.

There is no doubt at all that if we care about Toc H and want to further its cause we must be ready to speak about it sensibly and fearlessly, and if we are not ashamed to put a little of our enthusiasm and conviction behind the words, however feeble in themselves, we have no need to fear the result. Perhaps the best way is to take some aspect of the movement which seems likely to appeal to the hearer and to drive that home, avoiding the tendency to vagueness and backing up

^{*} The British Empire Service, League, a society well-known in South Africa.

one's statements with definite facts and examples. If one's own experience does not provide the needed evidence the JOURNAL does, or *The Compass*, *The Log*, *The Link*, *The Lamp*, *The Mark*, *The Chronicle*, or any of the other Overseas or English publications, which are all too little known.

That this willingness to explain Toc H makes real demands on some while it

comes quite easily to others is very evident, but it is indeed a true service to Toc H which surely not one of us will shirk.

It is absurd to suppose that this insistence on the need for sincere and fearless explanation is in any way contrary to that Point of the Compass which reads: "To spread the Gospel without preaching it." What is advocated is not preaching; neither is Toc H the Gospel. M.O.H.

WINTER'S NIGHTMARE

THE Big Noise in London was irritated. The Metropolis had recently been divided into four Areas and even now each Area was so bulky, why it was quite a job in any particular District to get from one Unit to another! You could rarely do it without changing your bus at least once, and on a wet night you might have to wait as long as ten minutes for a connection. "Still," thought he, patting himself on the back, "Toc H here is making headway, perhaps when I go North I shall be able to make some comparisons."

The following afternoon he went North; he lived more than seven miles from the Railway Terminus but, of course, he travelled to the station in a nice comfortable tube, so the rain did not really bother him. He had a pleasant journey and as darkness drew on he failed to observe that the rain had turned to wet sleety snow. He discovered that when he reached the old town of great historic interest from which his rapid tour commenced. He also found a youth with a Toc H tie and a blazer waiting for him on the platform. "Now, Big Noise, I have been lucky; I have got a car; but these rounds often have to be done by bus, and as it left a few minutes ago we should have had an hour to wait, as well as cutting out our first visit for fear of missing it. Hop in." Big Noise took his seat in the car and was driven through a town he could barely see owing to the sleet congregating on the windscreen. They reached the meeting room after a short run and a place was found for him by the fire. He gave his short address and once

more entered the car to proceed with his tour. "Should I smoke?" he mused. "No, I will be at the next Unit in a few minutes." The car moved on, away from the bright lights of the Town into the darkness of a deserted countryside. On, on, on; driving was difficult, sleet obscured the windscreen, wind howled, and the white road was indistinguishable from the grass verge. He decided that he would smoke after all and found that he had ample time to do so.

"How much further?" he enquired. "About ten miles," was the reply.

"Oh, are we going to the furthest point to work back?"

"No, we are just going to the next Unit."

Big Noise sat back and readjusted his thoughts: while thus engaged the car nearly bounced him off his seat. "Sorry," said the Driver, "Only a level crossing, I did not realise in this storm that we had reached it," and immediately afterwards changed into second gear, climbing what appeared to Big Noise to be quite a considerable hill. At last (he was told later it was eighteen miles) he saw street lamps, and found himself in an old world market town of twists and turns. "Here we are, and up the steps."

Big Noise was loth to leave the fire but he had his journey to continue, and his object achieved, once more took his seat. "It was just such a night as this when I was going home after a District Meeting that the bus got snowed up and I spent the night in it," Big Noise was informed, but was not comforted thereby. Then, Splash!!! "Oh the

water often gets on the road here, we will probably get through, but we may have to get out and push, do you mind paddling?" Big Noise wished he was in a London bus even if he did have to wait ten minutes for a connection. A few miles further on and the car entered a garage, out got the occupants, up some narrow stairs, and once more into light and warmth. Big Noise made the telling of his tale take time, and even then he still showed an inclination to linger. The members, however, told him that he must not delay if he was to reach the coast. "Once more into the car and face the elements, you are not in London now, you know, Big Noise." This time the car changed direction somewhat, and the sleet and wind beat against the side curtains with such violence that it was difficult to keep a straight course. Over a twisty road, little more than a lane, full of sharp turns and short hills, easy to make a mistake in the day time, but on a winter's night doubly easy. Through one or two deserted villages and hamlets. Big Noise was thinking that there must be something about the movement to hold it together in

a place like this. Up a long gradual hill on the higher portions of which visibility was reduced almost to nothing, down the opposite slope, and thank Heavens, lights and civilisation once more. The coast at last: at any rate they could take him no further! His message delivered, he returned to the car and commenced the long weary journey back to his starting place. On the journey he enquired about the District Team. "Oh, we seem to manage somehow," he was told, "but we cannot cut out travelling altogether; the most central position entails a journey there and back for some members of at least forty miles, and if a member of a Unit at one end speaks to the Unit at the other end of the District it entails a total journey of 80 miles."

Big Noise caught his train and fell asleep in the compartment. He awoke with a start. What a nightmare! He had been in a single District of greater length than any of his London Areas. He awoke more fully; he realised it was in very truth a nightmare; but it was also a fact—it was the Wolds District on a winter's night.

R. P. E.

A SEQUEL

In the March JOURNAL, 1935, there appeared an article about the Chantry, otherwise Ipswich International Friendship Centre. This is the log of a Birmingham member who, intrigued by the article, spent his summer holiday there.

RECIPE for a worth-while summer holiday:—Take one Georgian Mansion on the outskirts of an East Anglian town; add thirty-odd Brightish Young Things from half Western Europe, and see what happens.

I started from Liverpool Street, and, leaving the station, was grossly overcharged for a short taxi ride (the first and only overcharge of the fortnight). Decanted at the door, I went in and found two wardens and the staff, the hostellers having gone off in a body to Norwich for the week-end; hence the fun did not really begin till Monday.

At mid-day on Monday the new arrivals were roused from their morning lounge by sounds as of a Guest Night, and, having plucked up courage to appear in public, proceeded to make friends. Thirty people, mostly graduates and undergraduates of

eight or nine universities, are bound to have a lot in common, and it was so. Admittedly, it took time, but within the week the newly-arrived English lawyer had found a Swedish professional sister, and teachers and would-be teachers, innumerable, were talking shop.

Shop, however, was by no means the only, or even an important topic of conversation; outings, ping-pong, tennis and almost everything else under the sun helped to fill in time. Towards the end of the first week a two-days' hike materialised, and ten stalwarts, including myself, sallied forth to spend the night in a Youth Hostel about ten miles away, or die in the attempt. The dauntless ten (it was raining when we started out) were eighty per cent. Swedish and twenty per cent. English, a wonderful manifestation of the Viking spirit common to both nations. Well, we got to the

Youth Hostel and, royally entertained, set out for home, actually getting back for tea. A really good hike, marred only by blisters and by the regrettable incompetence of the leader, who succeeded in landing us four miles from the nearest "dairy" an hour and a half before closing time.

Owing to the mixture of nationalities, English was the *lingua franca*, fairly good, with exceptions such as the regrettable episode of the Swedish girl who said she knew an English swear-word. On cross-examination, she let it out, and it took us ten minutes to recover sufficiently to break the news that it was not used by ladies in the highest society.

Midsummer day chancing to fall during their stay, the Swedish contingent made

arrangements to celebrate in their national fashion with a "maypole" and games. Everybody in the place was conscripted except me, who took upon myself the duties of official photographer, and pleaded that as such I was privileged. They put over a really good evening, and the Norwegians wound it up by feeding us on their national Midsummer Night dish, a mixture of raw egg yolk and sugar. Much nicer than it sounds.

I suppose that this story ought to end with some tag of the nature of the B.B.C.'s motto, but I can't think of one. It was a really good holiday, and I made two good friends and twenty-eight of the ordinary kind, and it thereby justifies itself. C. J. GLANVILL.

SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS

WE have just written the following to local Schools Representatives:—

"Though it is still some way ahead, a word about the summer holidays. In some cases your units or districts will be running camps for poor children or the camps of senior or junior boys' Clubs and so on. Maybe these are for the whole of the first week in August, maybe for the whole of some other week during school holidays (*i.e.*, August and the first half of September), or maybe they are week-end camps. Doubtless you already have your eye on the possibility of getting a few of the senior local schoolboys (*i.e.*, from the local affiliated *day-school*) to help in your venture (they are said to love washing up—occasionally!). That we must leave to you.

"The reason why I mention these camps now is that I would like you to let me know if you are holding any, and, if so, which variety and when and where. This is not impertinent curiosity. What I am trying to do is to make a wide collection of camps all over the country in the hopes of persuading a few of the boys from the *residential schools* to visit, and help in, camps near their homes. Naturally, if you inform me of a camp, I do not guarantee to provide you with any of

these boys. But it will give me the chance of trying. Also, if I get a large number of camps from you all, I may not be able actually to announce the whole lot in the summer circular to correspondents (*i.e.*, the masters who represent us at the schools). So, if you help me in this, you must do so without necessarily expecting a 'local dividend,' so-to-speak."

Many districts have no day-schools affiliated to us and therefore no local representatives to whom the above notice is being sent. Such districts may nevertheless be running camps of such a kind as would prove ideal as a means of introducing boys from residential schools to T.O.C. members and to the whole idea of service. May we therefore regard the notice, and the humble request for information contained in it, to apply to all units and districts and not only to those which have Schools Representatives? You will all realise, of course, that the statement about our being unable to guarantee 'local dividends' must also apply universally, but we have not the slightest doubt that there will be general dividends. Moreover, the very announcement of such things in places where they do not count for much has a psychological value.

THE SCHOOLS SECRETARY.

A BAG OF BOOKS

Three New Toc H Books

Towards New Landfalls. By Hubert Secretan. Toc H. 1s.*

Between Two Opinions. By P. W. Monie. Toc H. 1s.*

India, Burma—and Toc H. By 'Musafir.' Toc H, Calcutta. 1s.

IN this year of the Coming-of-Age of Toc H we are to be reminded that growing up, reaching "the age of discretion," attaining to manhood—put it how you will—brings with it fresh responsibilities. It ought to mean that we are ready, as a movement, to tackle 'a man's job.' What that 'job' implies we have to find out by experience, and in preparation for it we have all been urged, increasingly of recent years, to think—for without 'thinking' it is not easy to see how we can face the task of 'thinking fairly,' which has been laid upon us since the beginning. As early contributions to the Toc H literature of 1936, the two first books—small in size but not in subject—should help us to think straight. Both of them certainly need thinking about, if they are to penetrate our minds and reinforce our wills, as they are intended to do. It is very fitting that the author of one book happens to be the Hon. Administrator of Toc H—though he stresses in his Preface the fact that what he writes "is in no sense official"; and that the author of the other is the late, the first, Hon. Administrator, who, more than any other man, has taught Toc H to do some thinking.

'TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS'

Ten years ago, in a series of articles in the pages of this JOURNAL, Peter Monie moved us to think about Toc H, its living foundations, its real nature, its purpose and aims. To this series, collected in book-form, he gave the name of *Toc H under Weigh*, and on the title-page he set the quotation: "It makes all the difference whether we have set out on a cruise or on a voyage." The nautical metaphor persists, for Hubert (at Jim Burford's suggestion) has called his book

Towards new Landfalls. The ship of Toc H, well-found, we hope, and manned with something more than apprentices, is upon a voyage. The seas upon which it must sail are stormy, whichever way you look, and show no prospect of a coming calm. And no one can say how the dangerous voyage of our generation will end, or even what "new landfalls" to-morrow or next year will bring.

Let us drop the nautical metaphor, which serves well for the title of two books but is not pursued tiresomely in either. If Peter has told us what, in his view, Toc H is like and how it is meant to act, Hubert goes on to set it against the background of other things, to show where it stands (or rather moves) in relation to the large movements of thought and ideas in the world, in other words the history of our own times, past, present and future. There is always a risk that many members of Toc H will be content with it for its own sake, will be busy and happy in building Toc H itself, instead of trying, through it, to build the Kingdom of God. Our movement dare not be thought of as self-sufficient; it cannot function in a vacuum and still continue to keep alive. It is not "the only pebble on the beach"—it is a part, maybe an essential part, of the whole beach. Its value and its influence depend entirely on how it is related to the world round it, and on the part it is able to play in that world. This is the picture which Hubert tries to show us.

He sketches, very briefly, the main tendencies of the 'Victorian' age—the legacy of the Industrial Revolution of the 18th Century, its ideals and its unforeseen tragedies, new freedom and new slavery side by side; 'laissez-faire' and State interference; the

* In accordance with a new policy in Toc H publications, both these books are bound in boards, i.e., stiff linen covers.

revolutionary ideas of Darwin; echoes of the Greek city-state, the theories of German philosophers and their practical results in pre-war Imperialism. "The world had wound itself into a sorry tangle: the Gordian knot had to be cut." And so—the War.

And out of the War, among many other things, Toc H. A tiny movement of men who had learnt in a hard school of experience, was called upon to face a new world, struggling to rise from the ruins of the old, a strange and not by any means a "brave new world," as some had died hoping it might be. Hubert tries to show us, in brief compass, what some of the new problems are, the risks and the opportunities of our own time. He shows us Toc H taking shape, acquiring its "rules of the road" without, as he believes, losing its elasticity or its urge to experiment and to grow: Toc H (as has often been said) not an 'organisation' but an 'organism.'

This little book, then, gives us a glimpse of "the ebb and flow of things temporal" (as the *Main Resolution* has it), but brings us back to "the eternal realities." It lays emphasis on the 'eternal reality' of the individual; of ourselves as immortal sons of God, responsible to Him, in an age when machinery or 'totalitarian' states lay claim to possess men, body and soul. It upholds the freedom and the variety, under a family discipline, which is in Toc H. (In this connection, incidentally, it has some clear things to say about the ideas, which under the heading of "the mind of Toc H," have been the subject of argument in this JOURNAL in the last few months).

This is a book for every thoughtful member—and the number of such is steadily increasing. It will be rather surprising if it does not provide the basis for some corporate thinking and discussion by a good many units in this year of our Coming-of-Age.

'BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS'

When Peter Monie wrote *Toc H under Weigh* he was concerned with interpreting the movement to its own members. He tried to explain to them why, as it seemed to him,

its founders had been right in the way they did it; what were the deep principles on which they based it and what sort of society they intended it to become. In his new book, *Between Two Opinions*, he deals not with Toc H as a society, but with the individual who wants to be a 'good Toc H member.' He addresses himself, then, to each one of us severally and he has some very searching things to say. "It will not be denied," he says in his preface, "that in Toc H men are trying, and not without success, to realise a way of Christian living. Now, behind all other differences, there are two opinions as to the essence, the most important part, of such a way of living. It is possible to choose one of these opinions: it is possible also to halt between them—but to do this is, in effect, to choose the opinion which I believe to be wrong." Which, he asks, is the most important thing to us—"the works," what Toc H does and what we do in it, or "the work" (as Our Lord calls it in St. John's Gospel, VI, 28-29), our striving after faith, a true knowledge of God? Peter has no doubt at all that faith comes first, and our 'job,' which ought to be the outcome of our faith, second. He has no 'two opinions' about this.

There is very little doubt that a great many of our members have, without much thought on these difficult matters, chosen the other opinion. They will often find Peter's little book hard to understand, not merely because he has to discuss some difficult fundamental questions of life and death, of man's mind and God's will, but because the way to faith, and by faith to God, is itself hard for most of us. But the effort to understand is worth while, and Peter's closest argument is often illuminated by everyday examples and by touches of very moving human feeling. He never conceals from the reader how hard his own struggle for faith has been, or how triumphant is the conviction he has reached at last.

He divides his book into three parts, unequal in length—for the first has but nine pages, the second eleven chapters and the third five. Part I explains to us why "Toc H

commits us to a choice between two opinions." He starts by reminding us that those who founded Talbot House in Poperinghe and who re-planted it at home afterwards, were concerned, first and foremost, with what St. John's Gospel calls "the work." They had undergone a great experience together, "they and their friends had made live, enlivening, life-giving contact with God." This is what they wanted to maintain and pass on. They were concerned little, hardly at all, in the early days with how Toc H was to be organised or what sort of job it was going to do. They meant it simply to bear witness to the "eternal realities" which they had found true in the Old House. As Toc H grew and 'got busy' a conflict of ideals became inevitable—the ideal of finding God and worshipping Him before all else, and the ideal of "service in the Christian spirit" as the chief aim of living. And behind that conflict of ideals Peter traces, at some length, a further conflict of ideas—the idea of man, even at his noblest, as a creature of the natural world, material, animal, and the idea of man as belonging, here and now, to both worlds, the natural and the supernatural. It is between "the natural theory" about ourselves and "the spiritual theory" that we have to choose. The *Main Resolution* commits Toc H firmly to "the spiritual theory" and its members to a sense of "the eternal realities." Does each one of us, as an individual, believe in this and strive to live accordingly? That is the challenge which Peter's book throws down.

With his knowledge of men in Toc H and outside it, Peter knows that many of us have not really chosen our "opinion"—which, he says, is equivalent to having chosen wrongly. So, in Part II, he starts with the bare bones of faith—"Beginning the search for God." Merely 'going to church' or 'being good' are not in themselves enough. True Religion is concerned with Reality, as Art is with Beauty or Science with Knowledge. It is concerned with Personality—"the altogether unsuspected depth and inexhaustibleness" of our own human personality and the relation of our personality to the Personality of God.

We have to find out, first of all, for certain that God *is*. This is the tremendous claim of Christianity, that God is Real and that He gives us power to be His sons.

But the tremendous Christian claims are not easily accepted. The average man finds heavy obstacles, two of the chief of which come from modern science. Science has accustomed us to examine natural things and not to accept anything we are told about them unless we can test it and prove it. The things of the spirit cannot thus be put in a test-tube and weighed and exactly stated. And science, especially in recent years, claims also to examine, test and weigh the qualities and workings of the human mind: the 'new psychology,' of whose phrases all of us nowadays have a smattering, seems to set our noblest ideals at the mercy of 'complexes' and 'subconscious' impulses, and even to reduce poetry or religion to a matter of a plus or minus quantity of certain glands. This new 'knowledge,' imperfectly understood as yet, has revolutionised our view of the world and profoundly disturbed the religious faith of many. Peter devotes four interesting chapters to these "obstacles" to Christian belief—treating in some detail the "impact" of mechanical science and of the new psychology upon it. He then goes on to point out "how science cannot show God to us" and "how we cannot avoid acting on faith"—even science has to make big assumptions, 'acts of faith,' before it can proceed at all. Then, at the end of this Part II, he 'clinches the argument' by telling us "how we are made to live by faith" and what "the gift and the giving of faith" must mean in our own lives. "I have told Toc H already," he says, "that my own spontaneous reaction when faith was given me was:—'Now I know that I shall never be alone' . . . I know that the key which unlocks the door is faith; or, till faith be given, the humble trust and loyalty (poor though it be) which wins us faith, and begins to make true for us the words 'In Thy light shall we see light'."

If Part II of the book is written specially for men who find it hard to *begin* the search for God, Part III is for "those—there are

many in Toc H—who have indeed begun, but who yet are disappointed and discouraged, because, in spite of their attempts, their religion seems dull and uninteresting, and rather remote from life.” There must indeed be many of us like this in Toc H, and the final chapters of this book ought to help us to go forward towards the full realisation of God which its author has found. His chapter titles are words of tremendous meaning in their Christian sense—Life, Power, and those grand monosyllables of St. Paul—Love, Joy, Peace. In this section there is less need of intricate argument than in the preceding parts. The Way is found, after all our groping, and must now be followed. We are now men “pursuing the search for God.” Peter never pretends that this is easy, or can ever become so—for “the ‘steel frame’ of our love for God is not an emotion, but a determination to do all that pleases Him and to avoid all that displeases Him or hides Him from us.” There is stern discipline to the end—but the joy of it breaks through. There is peace, at a great price: “if we want to see this peace, this deep tranquillity and steadfastness, in complete perfection we shall see it if we really look at our Lord on the Cross.” This little book, so full of reason and of faith, leaves no doubt that the discipline is necessary and the price of the “unspeakable gift” worth trying to pay. A man must work hard and long to find pure gold—and there is pure gold between these covers.

‘INDIA, BURMA—AND TOC H’

In this 21st year of its existence Toc H is beginning, dimly as yet but with growing clearness, to realise the tremendous range of its responsibilities. The living seed of Flanders has been transplanted to every continent, and in each new part of the world its essential task of building the kingdom takes on new aspects and provokes new adventures.

Depth and width are correlative. Nothing is so well calculated to deepen men’s understanding of the essentials of Toc H as a wider view of its action in places and conditions wholly different from their own.

The publication of this simple, straightforward account of the development of Toc H

in India is therefore most timely. “Tosher” Elliott has made it a work of love. He reflects his long experience of Toc H in India, and breathes, with delightful simplicity, the spirit of his own deep devotion to all that concerns its welfare.

Starting with the challenge presented by the visit of Tubby and Pat to India in 1925, it shows how from that tiny beginning Toc H has spread to the military stations on the N.W. frontier, southward through the great peninsula, across the Bay of Bengal to Burma. The placing of the parent lamp of India, dedicated to Lord Roberts, in Calcutta Cathedral, the first beginnings of a Council for India, the realisation of the need for staff, the coming of Bobs Ford to be the first all-India Padre, the emergence of the special problems of building Toc H in the military stations, the bringing in of Indian Christians, and the part of Toc H in relation to Anglo-Indians, all these are made to live before us in simple but vivid description. The reading will humble us when we are inclined to magnify our own local difficulties. We shall learn something from the range and variety and the strangeness of some of the jobs undertaken in India, we shall honour the resolute facing of failures and mistakes, and we shall end by thanking God for the growth of Toc H in India and for the men, the author of this book not least among them though you would not guess it from the book itself, who have given themselves to its building.

The book ends on a forward looking note: “Yet, when all has been said, Toc H is but just beginning. For the world will not cease to need Toc H and Toc H will not cease, both in the near and distant future, to need men to fulfil its purposes and to pass on in undiluted form to our sons and grandsons the challenge of that generation which gave themselves unflinchingly and unreservedly, and left us an everlasting memorial.”

It is greatly to be hoped that members at home will read this book. It is well designed to widen our vision and open our hearts and minds for the welcome of friendship and understanding which it is our privilege to offer to our brethren from all the Seven Seas in the coming Festival.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

'Mind': Once again

DEAR EDITOR,

I do feel that you are right in your remarks about "The Mind of Toc H." All that I am doubtful about is whether you have pressed home to the fullest extent the reasons for preserving a 'mind' that does not take sides in any of the controversies that are raging around us.

Your reasons for not, so-to-speak, marching a Toc H army into the general debating field, mopping up all the opposition and finally dictating the perfect Christian policy to all the attentive and obedient Stalins and Hitlers seem, in the main, to be negative reasons. These are all very true. Certainly we should be unable even to attempt anything of that kind. Though we might all agree about the distant ideal at which we were aiming, we should immediately fall asunder over the means of attaining it. At the same time I feel that most of the stress should be laid on reasons of a more positive kind. If we merely say "It is clear that Toc H cannot do this," the obvious reply of the man who wants to do it is, "Your explanation is quite right; I now see the impossibility of my suggestion and the clear course for me is to join something else that can do what I want." Of course I am exaggerating. You have really shown that Toc H is a good thing in spite of its inability to throw its whole weight into the scales on one side or the other. However, the negative reasons, which indeed you were forced to explain, do seem to overshadow that fact that Toc H is a good thing, not in spite of that incapacity, but *because of it*.

We have become so clever nowadays at setting things right by policies, by practical plans and devices, by treaties and leagues and by general additions to the already complicated machinery, that we entirely forget the quality of the material with which that machinery has to deal. You may invent the most perfect plant for the canning of fruit, but if the wasps and the birds have spoilt all the fruit the result will not be much the

better. What is happening nowadays is that it is becoming the virtuous and fashionable thing to suggest improvements and innovations of one sort and another for the machinery, so that the whole world buzzes with clever theories. Most of these are contradictory, as you say, but even if one of them could overcome all the others and reach the realm of practice, it would be useless so long as men continued to suffer from greed, hate, conceit, suspicion, jealousy, slander and other causes of glory. Let us put any of them into practice (if we can). Shall we be able to do it without ourselves manifesting these disagreeable characteristics? And in any case, will they not find new scope in our new order of things? And, if this is so, what shall we have gained by changes which will probably have involved the destruction of the few remaining restraints?

Perhaps some will say that *their* new orders of things are valid precisely because they impose more effective restraints on the disagreeable elements than the present order does. I do not believe it. The restraints that belong to the present order have grown up as a result of long experience of necessities. Admittedly the present order is imperfect, but is the knowledge and experience of those who want to change it (in large or small ways) sufficient to enable them to produce anything better? They would restrain others to some purpose, no doubt. That always seems to be a gratifying duty. But have they themselves got that within them which cannot be corrupted? Or that which is never greedy, jealous, conceited, etc.? Let them examine the way in which they now do small things in relation to their neighbours, their families, their tradesmen, their jobs and so on. I should be surprised if they did not find something that would make them hesitate before reproducing their ideas and methods on a larger scale.

What is wanted is not another device for setting things right, but such people as can use to the best advantage any tolerably good device. The object of Toc H is to produce such people. If it can produce enough of them, then someone's device—I do not much

care whose—may have a chance of working properly at last. It would work better because of the difference of the material with which it had to deal. To abandon the metaphor of machinery, people, instead of cleverly using and interpreting the laws so as to make them the tools of pride and greed, would use them as they were meant to be used and even act in accordance with the same spirit when the laws happened to leave a loophole for doing otherwise. Furthermore, they would not have so many theories for improving the world, and that in itself would account for a considerable abatement of strife. They would see that they could only contribute towards general improvement by improving themselves.

The opposite of the disagreeable things mentioned is Charity (in the older and better sense of the word). This is said to begin 'at home'; that is with small things such as are encouraged in Toc H (and even smaller ones perhaps)—not with world politics.

Yours sincerely,

GENERAL MEMBER.

London.

Christmas Cards

DEAR EDITOR,

The object of this letter is to thank all those people who have made us gifts of Christmas Cards. The response to our appeal in the December JOURNAL has been really good—so good in fact that we have not yet been able to deal with all the cards received, nor has it been possible to acknowledge the receipt of all parcels. To have done so would have left us very little time in which to deal with the cards themselves. Hence we write this letter in the hope that all contributors will read it and accept our thanks.

This being the first time we have tried this scheme, the results have been more in the nature of an experiment. The capital charges have been heavy, the profits small. The profits being small we could not do quite as was originally intended, and it was felt that

to tackle the thing on an exceedingly small scale would be conflicting and rather futile. What eventually was done was to turn over what profits there were to the vicar of a small mission church with the understanding that he used the money for his poor children's Christmas treat. The capital charges being now absolutely wiped off, it is more than reasonable to suppose that next year we can realise sufficient profit to tackle a much more ambitious scheme.

Naturally, we should like Toc H and L.W.H. members, and those others who read the JOURNAL, to keep this scheme in mind and send us any cards they may have. To all of them—thank you.

Yours sincerely,

C. CARTER ATKINSON,

Shipley Group.

178, Highfield Road,
Idle, Bradford, Yorks.

* * *

Employing the Journal

DEAR EDITOR,

A very practical and timely word in your last issue on this subject. While the February JOURNAL was in print a certain Area Padre received a letter from an unknown correspondent asking for information about Toc H. He was put in touch with a member who at once made contact and took him along to his Branch. The aforesaid padre was interested to know in what way this man's interest had been aroused, and from what roll of fame his own name had been obtained. On enquiry it transpired that the source of information was a copy of the JOURNAL in a neighbouring Public Library. *Verb. Sap.*

Yours ever,

LONDINIUM.

P.S.—Had the suggested typed slip giving name of secretary, meeting-place, etc., been inserted a more direct contact might have been made.



THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From South Wales Area

Nature will always fill her waste places if only with weeds; and a house abandoned will fall into ruin. Sometimes a big house is saved from such a fate by being put to other uses. At Sealyham, hard by *Fishguard*, stands there such a house, and its new and modern use is that of a Sanatorium. Changing the usage of the house revealed the fact that a mile-and-a-half of drive had been left for many years to nature. Enter Fishguard Toc H (the present home of the Silver Lamp of Wales)! For a couple of years with unflinching regularity, unflinching determination, gaining experience of the work, and each other in the process, these Toc H men have worked at the clearing of that drive. It is nearly completed; the tangle of rhododendrons has fallen before them, and Toc H is the better in more ways than one for the toughness of this long job. On top of a Monmouthshire Valley from whence the Sirhowy flows southwards and other streams flow northwards, is the town of *Tredegear*. A disused Iron Works' Office is redeemed from idleness by a young priest who conceived it to be a centre for the redemption of men compulsorily idle. Toc H has its room in the building and its place in the scheme of affairs; helping in the cooking, and generally being the servants of all.

The shadows of the evening are over ancient *Chepstow*, and the shadow of deprivation is over some of the child-life of the town. You can hear the Church bells ringing, and if you have any imagination, you can hear the shadow-lifting angel-song of Christmas. There is another sound, that of a street organ hired from the distant city of Cardiff by a few Toc H fellows, but doubt me not, these discordant strains were transmuted ere they reached above into an anthem of service, even as the money results of the collection lifted the shadow from the lives of little ones. It was something of the unexpected to find Toc H in *Chepstow* organ-grinding, but then, the unexpected always happens, and that is the fun of the thing.

The Gower Peninsular might be written of in terms of shell-fish, sea-gulls, scenery, sand, or stones; but upon it there is an old and very large house, which had served its original purpose; it was then converted into a Home, and had also fulfilled that second purpose. *Morriston* Toc H—evidently believing in the adage 'three tries for a Welshman'—thought this mansion might have a third use, and abetted by *Swansea*, with much aid from the local Press, set about creating a public opinion. For some years, hundreds of children have lived for short periods in this beautifully situated Llangennech Home. I do not suppose that Toc H is other than glad that it became a bigger thing than merely a Toc H show; at any rate, you can do a lot of good if you are not particular as to who gets the credit. At Haverhill in Suffolk the writer once saw a pair of trousers which was ultimately sold to Madame Taussaud's; it had been patched and altered so much that only the fact that it was a pair of trousers remained of the original! At *Pontypridd* there is a building that has been altered and added to so much that it could almost be described in the same way as that pair of trousers; the outstanding fact through all its history being that it is the Poor Law Institute. Toc H at *Pontypridd* and *Treforest* go regularly, and I think helpfully, to visit and to hold services among and for the inmates. As one of the youngsters of *Treforest* put it, "We cannot preach for nuts, but the folk we meet are well worth while, and it does make a fellow want to understand the why and wherefore of poverty at the end of a life of toil." Besides, the carrying on of this job has welded Toc H and the Free Church Council in their town into a bond of friendly understanding and mutual aid—evidence of the fellowship being extended in a necessary quarter. These instances are not the total of the efforts put forward by Toc H in South Wales; they are cited as representative and are used because they have something to do with old houses, a phrase familiar in Toc H.

The *Area Library* is getting more and more under weigh; though possibly borrowers will have to leave their left boot after the fashion of the Old House Library, in order to guarantee the return of borrowed volumes!

The Armistice Night Service at the *Cardiff* Royal Infirmary Chapel has evidently come to mean much to hundreds of people. I think it fair to say that Toc H itself means much to the Infirmary, and the chronicler is happy to hear that among other things a far wider scheme for Blood Transfusion is afoot.

Since the last despatch was written, Rushlights have been bestowed upon *Glynneath*, and *Talgarth*; while *Ebbw Vale* has of late had two causes for rejoicing, the one, that its Iron Works will resume operations, and the other, that its Toc H Group now becomes a Branch. *Skewen*, the place of the Anglo

Persian Oil Company's Refinery, and which sometimes seems to be a part of All Hallows Parish, also becomes a Branch. *Penarth*, which being done into English, means "Bear's Head" (no intentional reference to the unit!) is also uplifted in this respect; also *Llandaff*, seat of the genial Toc H Bishop, still known to some as "Father Tim." Another unit, who first of all of us in Wales, began to pay its quota by monthly payments, and could not inaccurately, and without unkindliness, be described as the "maid of all work," dealing especially in oddments in and around Cardiff, namely *Riverside*, completes what we may describe as a nap-hand of Lamps, the reception of which, at the Coming-of-Age Festival, will be a matter of a Pilgrimage of humility, hope, thanksgiving, and rededication.

JIM BURFORD.

From the Western London Area

"True growth is slow growth—no growth is slow death." Thus has Scriba Grammaticus truthfully and wisely written. And bearing these words in mind the Western London Area writes in optimistic vein.

We have our problems—and chiefly at the Area extremes; at the Eastern end a teeming population hard to reach, in the hub of the great metropolis; on our Western limit the isolated villages of rural Bucks (the county—not the Jeffrey Farnoll type!) Here are types of two entirely opposite conditions—does that part of the family which dwells at peace in the provinces realise, we wonder, how varied are the conditions and problems that a London Area includes?

The "Hub Problem" (which has threatened at times to become an obsession) seems to hold the challenge of a really daring experiment to a group of men who are prepared to live venturesomely in an attempt to "spread the Gospel without preaching" in a hardened soil. The Village Problem shows already signs of being solved by a patient method, whereby they are seeking to deepen the spirit of Fellowship, and instruct members more thoroughly in the nature and purpose of Toc H.

To come to more definite notices of our

recordable doings and progress. Since our last appearance in these columns *East Molesey* and *Wembley* have been granted Lamps, and there are new Groups at *Old Battersea* and *Greenford*. *Hammersmith* decided six months ago to relinquish Branch status and are now restarting with some vigour; *Harlesden* did not re-apply for Branch status at the end of 1935, but have since received a Rushlight and sent out a runner to *Neasden*; while a promising start has been made at the newly-built area of *Roehampton*.

The Area Pilgrimage took place on May 3 to 7—it was an unforgettable experience to all who went. All Districts were represented and we were delighted to have with us Doug. Southwood, of Tasmania. It was the Silver Jubilee week-end, the weather was the best possible and the extra day's holiday (Monday) was a valuable addition. We listened to the King's speech at Skindles, Ypres, and many of us will never forget standing packed in the "drawing-room" to which they so hospitably invited us, in the company of our hosts and their friends and patrons.

In May also took place an event which must not fail to be recorded. Would you know the kind of men that Western London breeds?

At New Barnet it was that she led them forth, and the sports meeting the occasion. Right valiantly her sons disported themselves, and with pride she hailed the winners of the Unit Championship, Mark II, with runners-up Chelsea and third place Mark I—sons of Western London all! And herein let us also mention those two of our number who helped to make history upon the fields of Twickenham on January 4, to wit: P. E. Dunkley, warden of Mark XX; E. Hamilton-Hill, probationer of Chelsea.

In the middle of August we made the experiment of an Area Garden Party. By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Titus Barham we foregathered in the beautiful grounds of Sudbury Court. In the afternoon Alan Stapley inspired us with words on the aching longing of the world for understanding and comradeship; in the early evening the Western London Area Acting School gave a delightful rendering of *Columbine* in a beautiful outdoor setting; and at the camp-fire Herbert Leggate spoke in his inimitable way of Toc H and world problems, speaking especially with his first-hand knowledge and insight of those of the Far East and New Zealand. This experiment we all voted one that must be repeated—but *not* in the middle of August, when all the best people (or the luckiest!) are far away from London Town. (Full marks to Wembley here for the local organisation of this “function”).

The Summer, with its inevitable effect upon the indoor meeting, always finds the various Districts of Western London putting much of their energy into the running of camps for children to whom a real holiday is an unknown thing. Here is a quotation from the report of the Colne Valley District:—“So the men of *Uxbridge* ran a camp (for the second year) for the children of unemployed and necessitous families in the district. And many children enjoyed a week's holiday, which they would not otherwise have had, and dwelt in the tents that were pitched in the Chalfont country. And were happy there. And many kindly individuals and most of the local organisations co-operated with them in their delightful task, and gained greater understanding of one another and

much pleasure. Now the duration of the Camp was six weeks, and the children that passed through during that time, both boys and girls, numbered 240. And their ages were between 10 and 14 years. So, for a week's real holiday in glorious weather, they lived and played and laughed and talked and slept under the trees and the stars. And returned home filled with joy and air and sun and ‘plum duff’ and many happy memories.” The West Middlesex District co-operated in this camp this year by finding and supporting batches of children in various weeks. *Harlesden*, *Wembley*, *New Malden*, *Ruislip*, and *North Harrow* also ran similar camps.

We are this year making increased (and we hope increasing) use of Pierhead House for week-ends. It is not an infrequent thing to hear afterwards, “I discovered more the thing we are after in that week-end than in the eighteen months I have known Toc H.” (And may we here express appreciation of the topping way in which the residents of the House look after us on these occasions. It's a real bit of telling work they're doing there). Our main concern at present is with the need for definite instruction in the Nature and Purpose of Toc H. “We have been warned” that Toc H is a *means* and not an *end*, but to give attention to the efficiency of the means is *not* to lose sight of the end, rather is it to make its attainment more possible. So we are running schemes on these lines. These are more for the “younger” member (though some “veterans” have begged a place for ‘refresher’ purposes) and at the same time in all districts the Jobmasters, Pilots, Treasurers and Secretaries are getting together to share problems and methods and experiences.

One notable change has taken place this year: Alec Churcher has gone forth to New Zealand to cope with Dominion affairs; Geoff Martin returns from his wanderings in South Africa to take up the dual-area-secretaryship of Northern and Western London. In other respects our personnel is much unchanged. The Area Executive continues to find the system of ‘teams’ highly valuable, and District Teams are being welded together to become effective.